The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

FREEDOM FOR ALL.

GILEAD, 2nd mo., 24th, 1858.

DEAR MARIUS: I thought I would pen a few thoughts for the readers of the Bugle, and perhaps help to swell freedom's clarion notes, which thank God and the angels of heaven, are already rising and swelling in our land.

We are boasting of liberty in a national view and extending the hand of invitation to the oppressed of all lands, and all climes—excepting poor Africa—that our country is the asylum of the oppressed, of all the despotic governments of the world. Such is the boast of our free and republican institutions, our democracy. But is it even so? let those agonizing tears, those shrieks, cries and bitter groans, which are continually ascending from hill top and valley, from ocean and river, from cotton field, rice swamp and cane brakes, or sugar plantations of the otherwise fair and sunny south, bear witness to our infidelity to the bright and glowing principles of genuine republicanism and true democracy.

What is republicanism, and what is democracy? It is where the people govern themselves and each individual is a constituent part of the government. Then ours is not such. More than three millions of slaves have no voice in governing themselves, but on the contrary, three fifths of their number swell the power of the masters in opposition to their own freedom, and the voice of the freedom loving citizens of the wintry North.—How long, O Lord! how long shall these things continue.

Then the female portion of community have no voice directly in the halls of legislation; but stand outside, deprived of the elective franchise though equally concerned with their fathers, husbands and brothers in the laws which control them and their property. The colored people of the free states or most of them, and the poor Indian, where is he? Murdered and driven from his home, and the graves of his fathers. Oh hollow pretence!—Oh shame on America! Boast and prate of freedom abroad and practice *slavery at home*, inviting the poor and oppressed of other nations, and making poor and oppressed ones at home. Ah! America! America! thy sins are many. And the cup for thy retribution is almost full; the voice of thy children's blood is crying to the Lord from the ground.

And the panting, toiling fugitive, whose heart throbs and beats high with the spirit and fire of seventy-six—freedom or death, we hurl them back again into bondage.

Stretch forth thy hand, O thou liberty-loving son or daughter of America! and help to stay that mighty curse which hangs like a dark and lowering cloud, and threatens the extinction of this republic! already is the forked lightning's livid fire streaming in the south-western horizon, and awful thunders rolling there; call thou upon the destroying angel to stop the work of death and damnation! Repent, repent, oh! ye rulers, repent in sack-cloth and ashes, peradventure we may be spared the impending ruin. Stretch forth your hands, oh! ye people, in the ability which is and will be given you to carry out those blessed principles of universal freedom, that our nation may be in fact what it professes, and that the sun which is now rolling in the heavens, and those bright stars which are shining there, may henceforth shine no more on a land of slaves. Let whips, chains, fetters thumb-screws, and all other implements for torturing and punishing the poor slaves, be melted and burned to cinders, by the all conquering power of heavenly love. And that song of peace, sung by the angelic hosts of heaven at the advent of Jesus, may it in its all powerful grasp, and holy influence, take the red man of the forest and the war-like Christian make them blend in love and harmony, and smoke the pipe of peace, burying forever the bloody implements of death; and henceforth live in peace, love and harmony with each other.

Let the voice of truth resound over hill and dale, mountain and glen, in steamboat and rail-car, for the carrying out these republican principles. We have but just emerged from the despotisms of the old world, and just entered the threshhold of political and religious freedom. Strike, strike! for now is the favorable time; now is the auspicious day, and advocate the rights of all classes of people. Remember, O, remember the crude Indian of the forest, the brutalized and toiling slaves, the colored people of the free states, who are bound in chains of prejudice most grevious to be borne. Remember the oppressed females of our own race.

Let us take a high, noble and exalted position and hurl the arrows of truth, and the thunderbolt of right at error of all shades, so that soon the blue vaults of heaven may resound with the deafening and reverberating shouts of liberty, from myriads of human voices, both civil and religious to all the nations of the earth, from center to circumference, from pole to pole; but more especially our own beloved America. Let this be the focus, the rallying point, and from thence radiate to the remotest parts of the habitable globe. Carry out republicanism here, fight and fight ever, until the power of the elective franchise is extended to every hamlet, log cabin, Indian hut, and negro quarter in the land. Till woman is recognized as the equal with man. And all domestic animals feel the soothing and ameliorating influences of these heaven-born principles of liberty.

JOHN MOSHER.

From the New York Tribune.

THE CHIVALRY OF VIRGINIA.

'When you are in doubt, pocket the trick,' says the classic Hoyle as quoted by the erudite Dr. Pangloss. 'Never refuse money,' is another maxim much revered in commercial, and in fact, all circles. Our gallant friends in Virginia, the out-at-the-elbows Chevaliers, have a lively appreciation of the wisdom of these saws, and have never been known to decline pecuniary donations, although they came from the chill an unhospitable North, and were the fruits of that peddling and cotton-spinning which tobacco planters hold in sovereign contempt. They may not like our morals, but they have no invincible objection to our money.—But gratitude with them is a sense of *benefits to come*, they did not mean to waste the precious and priceless emotion upon benefits which *have come*.—Considering the provocation which the North has experienced, and the propensity to be unforgiving which is one of the weaknesses of human nature, we think that we have exhibited a singularly good Samaritan spirit towards Virginia. When one of her principal towns was ravaged by pestilence, and those who were not sick were starving, the North sent substantial aid, and it was no more refused than a hungry beggar would refuse the broken victuals proffered him at the basement door. The fevered patient, the slave deserted by his coward master, the widow and the orphan, in that season of dire distress, did not, before accepting our alms, pause to ask from what quarter they had come.—Chivalry was sick, and weak, and hungry, and in no condition make to nice distinctions. So Chivalry took the cash of New York, of Boston, and of other cities, and growled not at the same. But when Flavous John (alias Yellow Jack) had departed, Chivalry waxed fat and kicked, and abused the friends who had bound up its wounds, pouring in oil and wine, bringing it to an inn, and paying its bill in advance. So when Chivalry became ashamed of the desolate and dilapidated condition of the home of Washington, and its owner, maugre the brisk trade which he had driven in canes, found himself too poor to keep the estate, and yet not too proud to drive a sharp bargain for the bones of his illustrious ancestor, who should come forward but a northern man offering by his sole personal exertions to raise a large portion of the purchase money needed to save the shrine, and so give to Virginia a monument nobler than any other State can hope to boast. And doing it, too. While Chivalry has been indulging in the ornamental, this gentleman has confined himself to the practical.—while Chivalry has been instituting the Order of the Knights of Mount Vernon (with what mummeries, Heaven only knows,) Mr. Everett has been raising the funds to buy Mount Vernon, which is a matter of more consequence. What the present Mr. Washington wants is not a revival of chivalry but a revival of cash. If the gallant Knights of Mount Vernon were to approach him in a body, and make him an offer of their accoutrements, he would not, for all their pasteboard breastplates, tin helmets and pitch-pine lances, give them a pod of the sacred soil; and they might esteem themselves lucky if he did not charge them a dollar for trespassing upon his property. Down with the dust is the motto of this modern Washington.

The 'dust' being the thing needed, and being also precisely the scarcest thing in that State, Virginia should be civil to the gentleman who has volunteered to raise it. And to do her justice, she shows a disposition to be so, and will be so provided a few extra saintly-namby-pambys will permit. But the moment it is known that Mr. Everett has been invited to be in Richmond on the 22d inst. and is then and there to be presented with one of General Washington's walking sticks the volcanic South newspaper goes at once into a state of Vesuvian eruption. It could not be hotter and more effervescent, if it had been proposed to give Mr. Everett Mount Vernon itself. Pray, the reader will ask what is Mr. Everett's offence? Doing Virginia a service which she was incapable of doing for herself? Assisting to rescue our American Mecca from the hands of one who lacks either the means of keeping it in decent order, or the inclination to do so? Nothing of the kind. But The South dont think that a man who disapproved of Mr. Brooks's assault upon Charles Sumner is worthy to possess the cane of Washington.

Here we will pause for breath. We sometimes encounter a fatuity, an imbecility of intellect, a monomania verging upon stark madness, which is perfectly stunning. We are too angry to laugh; we are too much amused to cry; we are too much bewildered to think; and even if we were disposed to argue, we cannot get hold of the tail of the argument. Sometimes absurdity bothers one much more completely than logic. But let us be calm, and reason together upon the premises of The South. Washington was worthy of the cane; no man disapproving of assault and battery could be worthy of the cane; therefore, Washington approved of assault and battery. Or suppose we put it in this way: Washington disapproved of assault and battery; no man disapproving of assault and battery could be worthy of the cane; therefore, the cane should be taken away from Washington during his life time. We fancy that any fire-eating nincompoope going to Mount Vernon upon that errand would have felt the weight of the hallowed *scipio* across their shoulders.

From the Presbyterian Witness.

SLAVERY DISCUSSION IN THE OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Quite an alarming state of affairs exists among our Old School brethren, if we are to judge from the feeling manifested in some of their eminently conservative periodicals. The "vexed question" is at length begining to be agitated among them. Two learned Doctors, one from either side of Mason's and Dixon's Line, are discussing the question of slavery. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, Va., has written "Three Letters to a Conservative." Dr. Van Rensselear, answers in "Three Conservative Replies". When Conservatism enters so largely as an ingredient into a discussion, we apprehend there is no ground for serious alarm. There cannot, if we understand the nature of the case be any explosion as the result of bringing two conservatives together, no more than if you bring two icebergs in contact. The "much apprehension" of the Banner and Advocate of Pittsburg is allayed, and its palpitating heart somewhat calmed by this consideration.

But the case is less alarming when it is considered that these conservative Doctors are both on the same side of the question. Usually, in Discussions, there is an affirmative and negative. In this both deny. Dr. A. says, "Slaveholding is *not a sin*." Dr. V. says, "Slaveholding is *not necessarily* a sin." It is true, one is a little farther to the Southern side than the other, but they are evidently both there. It will seem a little strange to our readers perhaps, that three long letters are required by each of these disputants to settle a question on which both take the negative. We never heard of but one discussion of this kind, and it was between a slave and master. The slave's version of it ran thus: "Massa say black loam grounds is best for corn, and I say so too; and there we 'sputed and we 'sputed."

There is, then, no danger of this discussion, in the hands of these men, doing any harm in the way of destroying the peace, of which they boast so much. Still, the discussion is ominous to those who look upon such a discussion as "the direst calamity" to that Church. It is hopeful to those who consider the agitation of the subject as necessary to prevent mortification in the body. Dr. Armstrong cannot maintain, in a public discussion, that "slavery is not a sin," without saying things which the Christian conscience of the Northern portion of that Church will not—can not bear.—He may be as the Banner and Advocate says, a man whose "hands are able, his head clear, and his spirit amiable." This will not help the matter. He has espoused a cause, in the advocacy of which those excellent traits are of no use to him. If he pleads the cause of slavery at all, he must say things at which every Christian conscience which is not itself enslaved, will revolt.

We often talk about the "fire-eaters" of the South both in Church and State, being hot-headed, inconsiderate, etc. This is not necessarily true. It is not the natural traits of character in the men who advocate slavery, which makes them fire-eaters.—It is the nature and hardening influence of the sin to whose interests they have devoted themselves. Its necessities drive its advocates onward till its true character becomes manifest to all men. When that is done, a separation of the clean from the unclean is inevitable. The discussion of this whole subject in the Old School cannot much longer be warded off. When it does come, it will rend that branch of the Church as it rent others. They may as well make up their mind to it at one time as another. No degree of conservatism can prevent it. We are sorry for the necessity. There being a necessity, we rejoice at any symptoms of its approach.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I was glad when Mrs. R. invited me to make her a visit, for I had heard much of her splendid hospitality, of her enchanting gardens, her fine parlor, her birds, flowers and the thousand attractions of her palace home. I longed to see and judge for myself; and, indeed, I found that common report had not told half the charms and wonders of that splendid establishment. I was lapped in luxury. A Sybarite could find nothing to object to. Our very moments were winged with pleasure, and the hours went gliding by in silver slippers.

The mornings were spent amid the treasures of a rich library; the afternoons lounged through in luxurious, airy chambers; the evenings given to riding, and the nights made gorgeous by music and promenades through an illuminated garden. I had never seen anything half so splendid, and was completely dazzled.

Mrs. R. was so loving, so languid and lady-like, just my ideal of a thorough lady—never excited or nervous, so quiet, composed and serene, with such winning, gentle manners; a low voice that fell on the ear as the most delicate music, whilst her little hands were so dainty and white, only fit to strum the strings of a guitar or glide over the keys of a piano. She realized one's ideas of ladyhood—never disturbing a dream or breaking a vision of beauty by quickness of tone or rudeness of manner. My admiration was fast ripening into love, when, one day, after I had been her guest for six weeks, I chanced to be familiarly seated in her chamber. She had misplaced her gloves, and called to her maid, in a very harsh tone—

"Sarah, where are my blue kid gloves?"

Immediately the girl brought them she took them without the slightest recognition of thanks. I missed the *parlor department*.

"Sarah," she called again, "unlace my boots." The string was knotted, the servant a little slow and awkward—so my *graceful lady* raised her foot and kicked the girl in the face, exclaiming petulantly

"How stupid you are!"

A red flush went over the mulatto's face, but she fumbled at the strings and finally succeeded.

"Get my slippers, slow."

The girl had (as I thought) finished her work, when the madam called out, "Get the comb and arrange my hair. What does make you so stupid, Sarah?"

"My head aches, ma'm."

"Oh, it is only a lazy fever, I expect," and, looking toward me, she asked, "Wouldn't you like to have your hair dressed?"

"No thank you; I always arrange my own hair."

"Why, how strange! it is only servant's work."

"And is it, therefore, degrading?"

"Well, not exactly, but then—well—but its no matter."

She seemed reluctant to express her thought; but I understood it.

Shortly after, when we were quite alone, I was admiring the uniformity and regularity with which everything in her house was managed—the arrangements were as systematic as clock-work, there was no disagreeable creaking of domestic machinery.

"Oh," said she, with a self satisfied smile, "you only see the result of a very stringent and positive domestic rule."

"And how," asked I, "do you govern your servants? Mr. R— is almost constantly from home, and you have no overseer."

"I manage them myself. I do all my own whipping."

I recoiled. "Surely you do not whip the men; you *can't*."

"*Can't* I? You should have seen me flog Jim, yesterday. I gave him no less than twenty-five lashes, each one of which drew the blood."

"What!, with those little hands?"

"Ah! the power is in the will, the determination, not the hands," and she towered before me huge and deformed as a Gorgon.

"I buy," said she, "the slaves who have bad characters and soon break them into my rule.—Temper is a recommendation, for it argues capability. Now, our cook was sold because she attempted to poison her former mistress. I told Mr. R. to buy her, she would not try that work here, because I have a terrible name among the negroes. The master warned me of her, saying she was a servant whom nobody could conquer; this fired me with a greater desire to own her. I knew that *I* could manage her. We gave a thousand dollars for her, and she has been worth five times as much to me."

"Did you soon break her in?"

"Oh, no; it was dreadful, dreadful—the hardest task I ever had; but I succeeded at last. Almost any one's patience would have given out, but with me the word YIELD is without meaning. For three days, I kept her in the lower cellar, with nothing to eat. I had her tied fast and whipped her until she had scarcely strength to say that she would obey, but she muttered it out in some way or other. At first she was very rebellious, and drew a knife upon me; but I liked the spirit, and knew that I could meet it with a firmer one."

The woman's cold blooded cruelty abashed me. I had not the courage to meet, in open war, such incarnate cruelty, but sat in speechless amazement, when she recalled me by a wild, ringing laugh—alas! the music was all gone—saying, "Did you think me only a parlor belle? Why, I am a strict manager, and carry on the entire business of this establishment."

Did it surprise me when, after this, she told how violently she had had the Kossuth fever—indeed, it well-nigh burnt her blood dry—and what large sums of money she sent over to the relief of Ireland?

FOREIGN SYMPATHY WITH THE SLAVE.

From Mrs. M. W. Chapman's Report of the twenty-fourth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

We have spoken of the corruption of churches as exposing them to the ridicule of the secular newspapers. A pregnant proof of this was afforded in our list of books by the Bible and Book of Common Prayer of the American Episcopal Church. After daring to hold slaves in silence against the universal Christian conscience, the remonstrances of her own best members, and the testimony of leading prelates of the Church of England, she now exhibits herself, in these editions, in the attitude of falsifying the work of a great painter which rebukes her unfaithfulness. Having trampled under foot what she declares to be the image of God, she expurgates from her copy of a great religious picture the slave in supplication to the Redeemer for his freedom, which fixes attention, in the original, upon her sin. She blasphemes the name of Christ, by giving its sanction to the infidelity of her members: else it would hardly be worth mentioning that she disgraced Ary Scheffer by her influence for evil upon the booksellers who have used his name, while circulating a pro-slavery picture in hers and in the name of her Bishops, in connection with her most solemn services.

'But are you sure that the Northern Bishops, in whose name this caricature of Christianity has flooded the South, are aware of of the use slavery is making of them?'

'Verily, the wolf is in the fold, and the shepherd does not know it!'

It is not for a moment to be supposed, that if the Episcopal Church of the United States wished to abolish slavery, she could not lead the way! It is the will that is wanting. Let her members learn from the writer of the following letter, the sense of feeling that should ray out in their every act:—

HALIFAX, Oct. 13, 1857.

MRS. CHAPMAN: *Dear Madam*—I fear you will have thought me tardy in acknowledging the beautiful book you sent me in acknowledgment of my [illegible] sent to the Boston Bazaar last year. I did not know, until it was far advanced, that sofa cushions were amongst the list of undesirable articles, and the 'Liberty Bell' found me busy at work on a patched bed-quilt, which is now on its way to you. I valued it at five pounds, but the [illegible] altered the price to six guineas. Should any purchaser think it worth either price, I shall be very well pleased. Whilst sitting at my work, I thought there must be as many stitches in my quilt as you have slaves in America, and I counted [illegible] in one row, and found them to be [illegible] twenty-five, and each square having [illegible] under one hundred; there are three squares in a box, and thirty-five boxes in width, and forty-two in length, so that it was a simple question in multiplication, the simple result of which is, that there are about twenty times as many slaves in America as there are stitches in my quilt; and when I thought of the helpless misery endured by every individual slave through a life-time of unprotected bondage, and thought of the omniscient eye of a just and holy and righteous and merciful God, who looks down alike on the oppressor and the oppressed, I cannot express the appalling sensation which comes over me.

Oh that America would take warning by the fearful judgment of India!—for although we have not the fearful guilt of enslaving our fellow-subjects there, yet we have in a great measure withheld from them God's holy word and gospel. Mammon has been the chief pursuit, and the poor heathen have been uncared for in a great measure. We have had missionaries there it is true, but they have been treated by the great majority much as the abolitionists have been treated in America, and now God hath risen from his place to vindicate his own cause; and it seems as if our whole nation had suddenly been awakened to a sense of its guilt before God. Last Wednesday was a day of public humiliation and prayer, and I trust we shall from this time be a reformed people. Contributions have been poured out for the relief of the survivors, but the dead, whether guilty or innocent, have gone to their last account. Oh that America would take warning!—for if these things are done to the green tree, what shall be done to the dry?

One other thought suggested by my quilt I had almost forgotten. You will see that the *lights* and the *darks* and the *blacks* are all arranged so as to act, or rather harmonize, in concert, and so would the races I doubt not; for our Heavenly Father made every thing beautiful and good and equal; and when I remember God could in a moment, by his almighty power, reverse every thing which is wrong and set it right, it is a lesson beyond my feeble comprehension; but I think that England is made an example of, that America may take warning; but I have never yet heard or seen any plan how the great difficulty of doing away with slavery could be accomplished. In our own case, we paid the money down, but we had not a quarter as many as America has. Now we have sometimes a national collection, and sometimes think we might have an European subscription, and make a sort of compromise with the Southern States in which there are doubtless many slaveholders who would be thankful to be rid of so foul a name, and who could say, as our own Cowper said,

'I would much rather be myself the slave.'

I sometimes think if a kind Christian letter were written, and a lithographed copy of it sent to each planter or slave-owner, requesting an answer from each, stating on what terms they would individually be willing to emancipate their slaves, perhaps out of the answer received, some definite plan may be hit upon, so as to effect a revolution which would benefit all parties, and injure none.

I hope you will excuse this long letter. When an old woman has patched a quilt, she longs to tell some of the thoughts which occupied her mind during the progress of the work. Hoping that success will soon reward your efforts, believe me

Yours, very truly,
MARGARET BRACHEN.

This welcome and cheering letter suggests important thoughts. And, first, our slaveholders, however unprincely in their actions, represent themselves to be the princes of the country, and, therefore, no subscription, European or other, could buy out their claim. Unfounded as it is, it is not yet in the market. We see by the disgraceful experience of well nigh seventy years, what comes of any sort of compromise on this subject. It is a knowledge of the annual ill effect of such compromises that originates in morals the general principle of refusing to make them. Whatever right yields to wrong is just so much gained to wrong, and lost to right. But a European-aid-subscription to carry on the *propaganda* of the American Anti-Slavery Society,—to establish its press in every State, South as well as North, (not by force, but by seeking in every one of them 'who there is worthy and abiding there,')—to strengthen and aid our members by thousands—to preach the Gospel of Anti-Slavery for its own sake in all its purity, not weakened down to promote partisan or sectarian interests,—to fight the slave's battle against the tyrant of the plantation, the Senate House and the Church, with those weapons of light and love which alone can save our land from its million multiplied curse; *this* sort of subscription,—conveying the reprobation of slavery and the sympathetic public opinion of the world through the only effectual channel under the direction of persons of undoubted allegiance to Liberty, for twenty years bound for its sake to be sacrificed—of persons who, unlike the pretenders that would yoke the cause to their own miserable interests, have nothing to gain and all to lose—but their magnificent object,—this kind of subscription would indeed afford an assurance of the speedy extinction of slavery. Hear from Clarkson, in the address we have before alluded to, what a front is presented by the adverse ranks, and consider whether any other than such persons as these are likely to risk their elections, their chance of office under the next Administration, their chance of getting subscribers to their newspapers, their chance of ordination and settlement, their chance of manufacturing employment and mercantile success,—briefly *any* of their chances in life, by fighting in company with the American Anti Slavery Society, where the battle joins. The second rate, the third, fifth, tenth-rate, even to the despicable who make a prey of the cause while professing to love it, will all come lagging after in their degree, as fast as first-rate men can make it for their interest to do it. But we say to Europe as to America—'Help thou our central battle!'

PREACHERS' MEETING.

The following we take from the Northern Independent. The execrableness of slavery is *holding a human being* as a slave. The *principle* is the evil—the *sin*. To talk of enslaving a human being, or holding him as a slave, without its being *sin*, is an abuse of terms, and the confusion of ideas.

"This ecclesiastical gathering is discussing whether the General Rule should be so changed as to exclude all slaveholders from the M. E. Church. Rev. Dr. D. Curry, late of Indiana Asbury University, Indiana, got the floor, and said—It has never yet been proved that there were any slaveholders in the Apostolic Church. The whole is an assumption. Criticisms on a few words have not proved it. The whole spirit and genius of Christianity was at first, and ever will be, deadly opposed to slavery. On the contrary, Christianity killed slavery in the Roman Empire. The relation between slave and slaveholder is a sinful relation *per se*, independent of all abuses. It is the assumption of a power which God never authorized any one human being to exercise over another. It is at war with all the principles of His moral government. In creation, God gave to the whole race, the 'dominion' over themselves, over the earth. This was a God-given right, adhering to every man, always and every where. The slave has no more right to give it up, than the slaveholder has to take it. God never designed one man to absorb another. He believed in the Declaration of Independence. [illegible] self-evident inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These were self-evident—and he never undertook to prove an axiom. Whenever he met one who denied these, he is done with him. It is stupidity to argue with such a one. Now the slaveholder seizes up all those self-evident rights and takes them at one sweep, and then crushes out the manhood, that he may hold them. He did not dwell upon 'the abuses of slavery. The *damning sin of the whole was the holding of a human being as a slave*. On this declaration the Dr. was strong and discursive making, I should think, a deep impression. No one, he said, ought to give up himself as a slave, to yield up the freedom of his will. He should maintain his accountability to God. [This idea was elaborated with great force and clearness.]—Primitive converts, who were under the yoke to heathen masters, never gave it up. The Church at that day did not allow them to do it. 'Fear not them that kill the body,' but maintain distinctive Christianity. There is more than one kind of prostitution. The slave who willingly gives up the control of himself to another, prostitutes those Heaven given immunities which were bestowed upon him for other purposes.

The slaveholder robs or steals. When a man makes or earns anything, it is his own. If another forces it from him, he robs him. The slave and hired man work through the year. If the employer does not pay the latter, we say he cheats or wrongs him. And equally so in regard to the slave. He would not dwell upon the abuses of slavery, perhaps it was incapable of abuse. But a word on the inseperable results of it in society.—Dr. C. said he had lived many years in slave-holding States, mostly in the interior, the most moral sections of the South. The corrupting and degrading influences on both classes had never yet been told—they never could be told. Slavery degraded the dominant as much as the subjected class. The virus of this abomination pervades everything, social, domestic, political, and religious, where it exists. And it ever will—it never can be moderated—it must be killed outright, to arrest its contagion. But unhappily, as now administered, the laws of the State and the usages of the church afford it a screen, which screen gives it every facility to carry on its abomination.

Under its influence, the whites are deteriorating rapidly. Young white males are nearly emasculated before they are men. If we have no regard for the African, should we not have some for our own boasted Anglo-Saxon race, whose blood is swiftly passing into slave veins? A presiding elder said to him, that after the lapse of many years, twenty or more, he was returned to the District on which had once traveled, and that he had been shocked and amazed at the bleaching process which had been going on during the interval. There are white slaves, who in form and features, are beautiful; many of them removed from the 1st to the 16th and 32d degree from colored blood, and wholly white. The females of this day, in a land that boasts of revivals, were doomed—hopeless—helpless without protection from either the law, the church, or public sentiment.

But is not the negro worth saving? He had a soul. He is now degraded. But the wonder is, that his entire manhood has not been wholly crushed out. That there is any remains of it in him, is indicative of the future. No race within the last two hundred and fifty years, under the circumstances in which the African has been placed, with the heel of the white man upon his neck, has risen equally with him. He is pushing up through both slavery and caste, and through the piles of prejudices heaped upon him by both Church and State.

As a minister of the gospel, he had seen the working of slavery and religion. Religious slaves have a low estimate of morality. There can be no proper recognition of marriage, or of the family relation, and the want of these morals, spoils everything else. There could be no moral purity among them. Chastity was no virtue. All slaves steal. They do not call it so. They say it is all theirs, but master takes it away from them, and they try to get some of it back again. If a slave help himself to a pig or a turkey, it is no stealing. Massa's turkey eat massa's corn, and massa's nigger eat massa's turkey. No stealing at all, it is making only a change of location.

We hear the plea, that slaves were kept for their own good. But who made the slaveholder a judge in this matter? Where is his commission? The assumption has in it the essential element of slavery itself. If the free man desire it, for sufficient cause, let it be so. But this self-interested assumption is generally a cloak for oppression.—He knew many cases in which the slave was the superior in energy, tact, and intelligence, and could better guard the master. In some cases it would be like the pigmy taking care of the man. Some masters had just sense enough to put the management of affairs into the keeping of the slaves.

But it is said that slaves are better off than free negroes at the North. He had seen both classes in both places, and it was not true. But suppose it was true; what a degraded public sentiment, fat slavery, better than lean liberty. The Dr. fired up on this and exclaimed, with Patrick Henry, give me liberty or give me death.

He had seen the proof sheet of a book in press which is about to show that the trustees of Old John Street Church once held a slave. He said it was not true. They never held Peter Williams, their sexton as a slave. Mr. W. said he could show the book. The digression was arrested.

THE YRISARRI TREATY.

Some of the Southern agitators are greatly displeased with the treaty negotiated between the Nicaraguan minister, YRISARRI, and Secretary Cass. They strenuously oppose its confirmation, inasmuch as it will tend, they think, to promote the Free-soil colonization of Central America. This treaty has already been approved by the government of Nicaragua, and only needs to receive a two-thirds vote in the Senate, should Mr. Buchanan have the courage to send it in, to give it the force of law. On this subject, the New Orleans Delta says:

"We have heretofore explained, in explicit language, the design of this Treaty; how it would affect the South generally, and the Gulf State in particular. We will not weary our readers by doing so again, but we will simply remark, that *the most mischievous brain could not have conceived a measure more fatal to Southern interests and Southern political security*. [Stereotyped.] If perfect, it would humble New Orleans to the very dust—taking the very bread from her lips, and bestowing it upon New York.

"From Washington, we learn from a private source, as well as through the National Intelligencer, that an agent, under the positive assurance that the Yrisarri contrivance will be consummated—by which Southerners will virtually be excluded from Nicaragua—is about to proceed from the North, under the auspices of a new Aid Society for the colonization of Central America. He is to carry with him a printing press, and will commence the publication of a Free-soil newspaper without unnecessary delay. This is but the beginning of the end which is to result from our tacit submission to the wrong inflicted upon us by Northern Presidents, in the double molestation of Gen. Walker, by authority of the United States Government."

After this significant "howl," we may expect to hear little more of the Yrisarri Treaty. The President may have the weakness to send it to the Senate, but that patriotic body, should [illegible]—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

From the New York Independent.

THE CONFLICT AND THE CRISIS.

A STANDING ARMY, A FALLING FREEDOM, AND A SILENT MINISTRY.

Actum est de te. Periisti! Who can look into the futurity of the destinies of the United States, even for five years? But it does not require either a powerful imagination, or a morbid terror, to hear the sentence of perdition upon American freedom. *Actum est de te!* The people are offering their necks to the yoke of their tyrants, and putting into their hands the very knives with which to complete the sacrifice. Never was such a spectacle beheld, of a nation deliberately renouncing and betraying its privilege and power of sovereignty and self-government, and trembling, cringing, and bowing at the motion and will of its own servants, whom it has set as its despotic rulers, giving them a standing army to support their own despotism. The madness of the Hebrews, when they asked of God a King, was but a momentary vertigo, in comparison with the permanent insanity of degradation, with which the people of this country are consigning all their manliness and independence, and everything dear to conscience and to freedom, over into the dominion of that meanest, most remorseless, and most ferocious of all human tyrannies, a slaveocracy!

What meek, inoffensive, peaceful lambs are our Senators and Representatives! They bleat in delight at the anticipated sacrifice. They vote new regiments of troops (and volunteers or regulars, they well know it makes no difference) to keep down the people, while the nation's throat is cut. The marks of remaining spirit and energy among them are seen almost solely in the butting of the goats, while the sheep are led to slaughter. Pleased to the last they crop their flowery food, and frisk and play, while the butcher grinds his cleavers.

But the court lambs that lose their heads are only metamorphosed into wolves and turned into the fold again while the wool of their old skins is just as good as ever to pull over the eyes of others. Undisguised trickery and lying, corruption and bribery, violence and fraud, stalk at large, and the few good men that remain are compelled to cry out under the burden which Habakkuk the prophet did see. 'O Lord, how long shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear? even cry out unto thee of violence, and thou wilt not save? Why dost thou show me iniquity, and cause me to behold grievance? for spoiling and violence are before me, and there are those that raise up strife and contention. Therefore the law is slackened and judgment doth never go forth; for the wicked doth compass about the righteous; therefore wrong judgment proceedeth.'

Yes, the wicked doth compass about the righteous, and they that were thought righteous are as dough for the purposes of the wicked; so that the passage in Hosea, with imagery that it might have been thought never again could be so completely realized, is illustrated by a reproduction of the very transactions of abomination there recorded. 'For they commit falsehood; and the thief cometh in, and the troop of robbers spoileth without.—And they consider not in their hearts that God remembereth all their wickedness. They make the king glad with their wickedness, and the princes with their lies. They are all as an oven heated by the baker, *who ceaseth from raising after he hath kneaded the dough, until it be leavened*. For they have made ready their heart like an oven, while they lie in wait: their baker sleepeth all the night; in the morning it burneth as a flaming fire. They are all hot as an oven, and have devoured their judges. There is none among them that calleth unto me, and they do not return to the Lord their God, nor seek him for all this! Woe unto them! for they have fled from me; destruction upon them! because they have transgressed against me. Though I have redeemed them, yet have they spo-

ken lies against me. But their calf shall be broken in pieces, for they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.'

Kneading their dough and devouring their judges! These are among the smallest of their operations, when the wicked compass about the righteous and are permitted to use them, and the constitution itself, for their purpose; and the Dred Scott decision, and the promulgating of its principle, with its bitter fruits forced down the throats of a submissive people are the natural result. Only one thing was needed, only one element, to constitute in our government an exact counterpart presentment of the picture of iniquity in the Scriptures, and that we now have in full; the garroting of truth, and practice of open unadulterated forgery and lying in the halls of legislation, and in the seat of supreme magistracy, and in the published deliberate messages and edicts of the magistrate, in defiance of the moral sense and common sense and undisputed knowledge of the whole community. 'Those that sit in the gate speak falsehood, and judgement is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth is fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter. Our judges are evening wolves; they gnaw not the bones till the morrow. That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince asketh and the judge asketh for a reward, and the great man, he uttereth his mischievous desire, and so they wrap it up. The best of them is a briar; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.'

I pray thee, O prophet of the Lord, of whom is this spoken? Was it written of the Jews, and are we transmuted into their identity of depravity and judicial blindness? Have we gone back by the dial of Ahaz three thousand years to arrogate and appropriate, with irresistable application, this indictment of baseness and villainy as ours? Let the iniquitous and despotic legislation now being wrought to its perfection in Congress, and the violent stifling of inquisition into crime, answer. In what legislative assembly on earth was there ever before such indorsement of known frauds, and such open, deliberate, daring suppression of inquiry? The fraud discovered and proven, glaring and undeniable, and yet legal investigation forbidden, and that in the sight of all the people! The witnesses at hand, with full and perfect evidence, and yet not one of them permitted to appear in court or to speak! It is as when, in a land of slavery, a man shall openly, daringly, steal, murder, commit adultery, and the eyes of a thousand slaves shall be upon him but there shall be no legal proof; so these crimes in Congress are crimes with only slaves as witnesses, and there can be no testimony. The thing may never be doubted, but the law so ensnaringly contrived, and the conspiracy of suppression so unanimous, that the prosecutor himself shall be prosecuted, condemned, and hanged, while the criminal goes free. 'None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth; they trust in vanity, and speak lies; they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity. They hatch cockatrice's eggs, and weave the spider's web; he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper.' And so on, to the end of the chapter, which, had it been now first revealed from heaven for our condemnation, could not more accurately have depicted our iniquity and shame.

It is a terrible thing to see produced in America the scenes of Senatorial degradation that darken the pages of Tacitus; to see a body of Legislators once the freest in the world, reduced to the condition of a mere machinery of registers for recording the decrees of a despotism of three hundred thousand slavocrats! To see men, at the nod of Cæsar, and in the way indicated by him, give their votes to establish his will, and call for the yeas and nays just as if they were freemen; to see them at his pleasure make or unmake laws, affirm and deny in the same breath, interpret and force constitutions to suit his purpose, placing themselves at his disposal, as his tools; and doing all this under the continued forms, not yet laid aside, of a republican government, and of senatorial and representative independence! To see a House of Representatives commanding an investigation into one of the greatest political and social crimes that darken the recorded history of the world, and then tamely submitting to have the whole scrutiny crushed, suffocated, turned into ridicule, by the treachery of their own Speaker without one single movement, either to punish his betrayal of their trust, or to recover and exercise their own insited jurisdiction! Such is the Federal Slavocracy. Of all spectacles on earth, none was ever so thoroughly humiliating. And still, republican senators vote for standing armies, to be used for enforcing slave constitutions! And still the Tribunes of the people parade the streets, and keep up the terrible delusion of liberty to the last, and even when the Constitution for freedom is buried, will appear as the chief mourners and masters of ceremonies! As to the suppression of truth, and usurpation of power by the servants of the people, to disobey, confound, and defeat the rightful will of the masters of the social and civil trust, the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society having set the example of betraying their sacred stewardship, and defying the authority, and defeating the object of their constituency, it is not wonderful that so high and popular an instance of concealment and fraud should be regarded with reverence and admiration. Why should not the example set by a professedly religious body to be followed by those in political place and power? If such things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? A religious expediency, so adroit and successful in an Executive Tract committee, cannot, surely, be condemned or forbidden in an Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives. They, too, may garble evidence, may mutilate the records, may suppress inquiry, may refuse to publish, may rightfully cover up more truth than that famous executive sixpence, which could bury, as a bushel, the whole word and subject of slavery, on the conscientious plea of a uniform adherence to the opinions of all evangelical Christendom. Why *not always*, suppress truth, for the sake of suppressing agitation? If purity were not requisite for peace, what a happy world, and what a model republic ours would be!

Will the free North *never* take the government and administer it for freedom? The people are like the unarmed passengers of a ship, with a pirate in command at the helm, he is armed to the teeth and his officers with him; and while he stands with his revolver in one hand, and the other on the wheel, giving his orders, what can the cowering shrinking unarmed rabble do but obey? But piracy on board a ship is not to be compared, in its criminality, with the piracy of usurpation in the State for the sake of slavery. There is no higher crime than that of usurping the authority of law by fraud and violence. And it is a participation in the monstrous guilt, when men counsel a compliance with it, a submission to it, an ignorance of it or a concealment and voluntary forgetfulness of the prime iniquity. *Nothing but revolution and resistance can be right.* It cannot be right, because a lie has been told, to support it as the truth, rather than take the trouble to contradict it. Yet this is the principle of those who have counseled submission to the usurpation in Kansas, submission to its laws as if the government were a legal and legitimate authority. Submission to such a government, the receiving and acknowledging of it as right, is the destruction of all government, and a bounty for the highest crime.

Our fathers resisted with turbulence and violence an act of the British Parliament, their own legitimate government, for taxing them without representation. In the short period of seventy five years, an infinite a change has passed upon their decendants that they are enforcing on free citizens, with the United States army, laws that were enacted by an illegitimate legislature, laws without legal authority, laws acknowledged by the very Senate that maintains them to be unconstitutional, barbarous, infamous! The sun in heaven never shone upon a more monstrous transaction. Innocent men and patriotic citizen are denounced by the President of the United States as rebels, subject to be arrested for treason, on the charge of refusing to acknowledge the legitimacy of a legislature admitted to have been a tyranny and fraud, and of maintaining the illegality of laws, admitted to have been illegal and oppressive in the extreme!—And this whole iniquity, with most ingenious devices for its perpetuity, can be wrought into a state constitution, to be forced upon a *free* people, and a standing army kept on the spot in readiness for such enforcement, and these outrages can be proposed and perpetrated in the confidence that the spirit and conscience of the people are so broken and debauched, that neither resistance nor retribution is anywhere to be apprehended. Nor was there ever a more idiotic delusion than the imagination that, such a constitution being once supreme by United States law, and enforced by United States troops, the people would be permitted to throw it off, or that, if they attempted to do this, the authors and abettors of the despotism would not by violence confirm it.

We have reason to fear that under the conspiracy of the church and the ministry to maintain a sworn and absolute allegiance in regard to these monstrous crimes, in regard to *any crime* of government for the support of slavery, however monstrous, and to prevent the thunder of God's Word from breaking out; we fear that under the miserable submission of the ministry to have their pulpits and their lips thus muzzled, the conscience of the people really *is* too far debauched, and broken to hope for any real resistance, any effectual opposition, against the iniquity of slavery in itself, or the tremendous sin of fastening a slave constitution on the government and people of a new state.

In proportion to the boldness and remorselessness with which the defenders of slavery advance, is the shrinking cowardice with which many in the ministry retreat; and in proportion to the thoroughness with which slavery fills the whole field of politics, are the anxiety and determination of many of the ministry to keep religion out of it, or not to apply the Word of God to it. They are afraid of it, they are distressed by it, they denounce its reprobation from the pulpit as fanatical, agitating, radical, exciting, exasperating, disturbing, breaking the peace. Their maxim is, Purity if convenient, and Truth if not troublesome, but Peace at all hazards and at any rate. And so, in that time, and at that place, country and crisis, of all history the most important, the most solemn, in that conflict of all others in the world demanding the Word of God and its ministers in the field, fearless and powerful in God, they have drawn back, have proved timid men and time servers, have deserted their guns, and let them be spiked, and entered into a mutual compact not to bring the word of God into pulpit action, but leave it slumbering in the dead, wind-broken testimony of half a century ago. And they will meet in council to propose insisting on the claims of the Sabbath, and at the very same time will denounce as a profanation of the Sabbath any presentation, on that day, of the claims of four millions of their fellow-creatures in bondage to the freedom given them by the Word of God!

Just so, when our Savior was on earth, there were such sticklers for the Sabbath, and the highest orthodoxy, that they denounced even him, the Lord of the Sabbath, for the healing of the people on the Sabbath day! It was Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, that thus proclaimed their zeal for the Sabbath, by their inhumanity to man. Perhaps our modern Pharisees are no whit nearer to God, nor more acceptable to him, when they also strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; proclaim the obligation to keep the Sabbath so holy, that all mention of the miseries of those who are in bonds, All prayer for them, all preaching of their behalf, all demonstration by God's Word of the wickedness of treating them as chattels and brute beasts, is itself a violation of that holiness, and a sin against God. While the church and the ministry continue thus basely to belie and betray the Word of God, and refuse its application to one of the greatest forms of iniquity that now lays waste the world, who can wonder at the gigantic uncontrolled sway of that iniquity, or at the swiftness and comprehensiveness of its advance, or that opposing and exalting itself above all that is called God, or worshipped, it should be enthroned as the dearest idol known of politicians and of Christians sitting in the temple of God, and parading itself if not actually as God, at least as God's Missionary Institute and Vicegerent! Let the people look to it, and let the churches and ministers awake!

C.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES—THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE OPENED AT THE SOUTH.

[The following is the Editorial article from the New Orleans Delta, of the 26th ult., which has already been alluded to by the telegraph.]

Some startling and significant facts have come to our knowledge. We have hesitated to disclose them, but after inquiry, we are convinced that both duty and policy demand disclosure. The facts, we may, are startling, they are crucial. They will surprise and encourage many in our counting rooms and offices, and many on the plantations and in the towns, but most of all they will astound the Cabinets of Western Europe, and eminently assist to confirm between the genenial French people and our own Norman and Huguenot South, an unwritten but hearty, magnanimous and unconquerable league against the allied avarice and envy, cant and rapacity of England and the Northern States. Although the foiled and furious enemies of our institutions may shake up, uncork, and pour out on our battered brows the foaming vials of their wrath; although the President may be shocked and embarrassed; and although the great parties of the country may be bitterly disappointed and imbrangled, let it go forth that Southerners have taken into their own hands the law, and opened the African Slave Trade with the South, that Africans are now imported into Mississippi and other sea-shore States; that in Mississippi there is a market for African slaves, and that on plantations in that great and intrepid State, negroes recently imported from Africa are at their daily work. The authority on which we make this announcement is indisputable. We even have advices that in Mississippi, Henry Hughes and some of his party now privately urge the Labor Immigration movement, not to open the supply of Africans, but to legitimate, moralise, regulate and equalise the supply already opened and impossible to be closed. We have some further details. Some negroes are disembarked on the Atlantic coast and brought overland to the Mississippi cotton fields, but the Mississippi sea coast's peculiar facilities for landing and secreting cargoes, and the conveniences of Pearl River as a channel for distribution, are not overlooked.

The profits of the Mississippi Slave Trade are enormous. We have been so fortunate as to procure from undoubted authority some interesting details. They relate to the operations of the Mississippi Slave Trade, and are authenticated by operators. It need not be said in the first place that the bark engaged in the traffic to the South must be a fast sailor; for this is indispensable to the security of the officers and crew, the health of the cargo, and the rapidity of the pecuniary returns. For a trip from the Mississippi coast to Africa and back, there must be a captain, supercargo, three mates, three cooks, steward, and between twenty and thirty first-class seamen. The vessel must be well supplied with extra running and standing rigging, and also supernumerary spars, ropes, topmasts, and suits of sails. An assortment of the flags of all nations will be particularly disirable, but the most useful is now the French flag, because British cruisers will not verify the colors and take the same liberties as with the United States flag. The fare of the ship's crew must be the very best, and their good will must be carefully conciliated, because, during the voyage a mutiny is disastrous; and after the voyage a treacherous or vindictive information is, to say the least, troublesome and expensive. To procure the good will of the men, much depends on the mates, over whom the captain ought to keep a strict watch. For the subsistence of the negroes there must be a plentiful supply of hard bread, corn-meal, rice, and an abundance of vinegar, red-pepper, pure water and drugs. In distributing diet, the greatest regularity is to be observed, and the very first symptoms of disease promptly treated. As to the capacity of the superior officer, it may be safely said that a slaver requires in it more courage, talent, honesty, fidelity, skill and discretion than any other ship in any other trade.

Indeed, the captain and supercargo must, between them, act as navigator and naval officer, merchant and physician, diplomatist and magistrate, not to mention the functions of the chaplain.

As to the expenses and profits of the voyage, the latest advices were from the Captain of a bark which sailed from one of the Georgian ports. He has quite recently returned, and reports that on account of the vigilance of cruisers, negroes had accumulated on the coast, and in a manner glutted the markets, and that in consequence of this the price had fallen to under thirty dollars a head. The payment, however, must be in gold or silver, as the head men will not, as formerly barter for merchandise.

We may estimate a cargo to number seven hundred negroes, although many more than that are often carried; but whatever the number, none purchased should be over twenty five years of age. Seven hundred, at an average cost of thirty dollars a piece, will amount to $21,000, and their price in this country or Cuba will range from $450 to $1200. But if sold for $500, say, the cargo will net $350,000. Freely allowing, then, $150,000 for the entire expenses of the voyage, and all possible loss, the profits of one round voyage will amount to $200,000.—Where the profits are so exhorbitant, we can well understand why the business has been begun in the South. We can well understand the impossibility of closing the trade now begun, and most of all, we now can understand that the great question is not whether there shall be for the South a supply of African labor, because that is now settled, and the great and absorbing question is whether, according to Hugh's method, the supply shall be so modified as to be legitimate, fair, regular and equal.

From the American Missionary.

MOBS AND VIOLENCE IN KENTUCKY.

BEREA, KENTUCKY, Jan. 19, 1858.

I have to communicate another trying piece of intelligence. last Saturday, the 16th, Bro. Fee was again mobbed at Lewis chapel, a place about 23 miles from here, in this county, near the Kentucky river. He had been there once before by the invitation of a number of respectable citizens, and was there with Bro. Jones, the colporteur, to fill his second appointment. He learned the morning after his arrival that there were threats of a mob, but requested his friends not to go armed, as some proposed, telling them he would meet the consequences.

While he was preaching, 30 or 40 armed men rode up, and sent one of their number into the house to demand that he should desist. He replied, as he has usually done in such cases, that he was peaceably exercising his constitutional right, and requested the person to be seated until he had finished preaching. The messenger returned to his company, who then rushed in and seized Bro. F. and Brother Jones; they tried to extort from Bro. Fee a promise that he would never return, threatening to duck him in the river till there was no breath left in him. Failing in getting a pledge, they mounted their horses, one of them taking Bro. Jones up behind him, and rode about two miles to the river, and descended into a dark, lonely ravine upon the bank. At the foot they halted and made another effort to induce Bro. Fee to promise to leave that part of the country and not return. He at length got their attention and commenced talking to them, telling them he could not make a pledge that might conflict with future duty. Said he, "It is not impossible that some of you may yet want me to come and pray with you, and I should hate to be under a pledge not to do it." He also told them if he did this from fear of their violence they themselves would not respect him, and reminded them of that great meeting, when they all must be assembled to give an account of "the deeds done in the body." At length one of them said, "They did not come there to hear a sermon; they must attend to their business." They then proceeded a little way further to a thicket on the bank of the river. They here odered Bro. Jones to strip: he pulled off his coat and vest and stopped. They jeered him, and told him to "strip his linen." They removed all his clothing except his shirt. Then bending him over, they turned that up, and one of the leaders of the gang proceeded to whip him upon the back, with a sycamore switch or switches—these grew large and heavy. Every blow left its mark. His wounds as seen afterwards by others, are of no slight character. Bro. Fee expostulated with them, but in vain. When they had satisfied their cruelty upon Bro. Jones, the man who plied the whip, approached Bro. Fee, told him if he would not promise never to return, he would be treated five times worse. Well, he told them he would suffer his suffering then. They compelled him to remove a part of his clothing. He knelt to receive the blows, and then, for some unaccountable reason, they desisted without striking a blow. They then ordered them to start immediatly for their horses, and, remounting, they escorted them about five miles to a place called Butler's Factory, and and there left them. They came about eight miles, and put up for the night at the house of a friend, where Bro. Fee preached to the family. He says he never felt more in the spirit of preaching, and never spent a happier night than the one which followed. Bro Jones suffered greatly under his cruel whipping.

O. B. WATERS.

Communications.

FIELD NOTES.

NORTH FAIRFIELD, Feb. 27th, 1858.

DEAR M: On Saturday the 20th, we went to Fitchville, Huron co., where Mr. Howland had preceded us, and made arrangements for a meeting on the evening of that day.

FIRST MEETING AT FITCHVILLE.

A congregational clergyman of the name of Johnson, and who is in theory a Gerrit Smith man, has been preaching in Fitchville for about two years, but within that time has uniformly refused to administer the sacrament to the people he preaches to, or to partake of it himself in company with those who recognize slaveholders as christians.

The Methodist meeting house was opened to us on Saturday evening on the authority of one member, and the Baptist house was promised for our meeting on Sunday forenoon. The person who had granted the Baptist house, afterwards became a little uneasy, and came to Mr. Johnson, who was at our meeting, and asked him, "What do you think of these persons?" "I have not a very favorable opinion of their christianity," was his reply. *The Baptist house was closed against us.* Those who are wise enough to discover the cause of such an effect, may do it. I state the facts in the order in which they occured.

Mr. Johnson knew nothing of Mrs. Jones or myself, and almost nothing of Mr. Howland. He had, however, learned from a private conversation with Mr. H. that the latter believed that a man might be a christian and yet not believe in the atonement—hence his unjust, uncharitable, and unchristian assertion respecting our company.

Mr. Johnson having thrown out an intimation that Disunionists would not discuss the Constitutional question with Gerrit Smith men, on Saturday night we publicly invited him to meet us in debate on Monday evening. He did not accept this invitation, but said, that if he felt disposed to controvert any of our positions, he would do so under the general invitation we extended to those who differed from us.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.

Not being able to obtain any church in which to hold our meetings on Sunday, we occupied a room in the Academy, forenoon, afternoon and evening. During the day our audiences were very small, for the endorsement given our christianity by Rev. Mr. Johnson, the leading abolitionist of the place, was, I doubt not, operating against us. And then beside, the Rev. gentleman proclaims in season and out of season, that it is a sin and a shame for a woman to speak in public. Our audiences, however, gradually increased in size, and in the evening the house was filled. As Mrs. J. did not attend the meeting on Sunday, and as the people wished to hear her again, we appointed another meeting for Monday evening, at which it was announced she would speak.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCUSSION.

We obtained a grant of the M. E. Church for Monday evening, but a trustee who was opposed to our going in, locked the door, and carried off the key. The house, however, was opened by some mysterious means, and we entered. Mr. Johnson and his friends came in, and some of them insisted that the debate to which we had invited Mr. Johnson, *but which invitation he declined accepting*, must come off that evening. We therefore consented to change the order of the meeting, and gently shoved Mrs. J. off the platform. As we had called the meeting, we offered to affirm the pro-slavery character of the U. S. Constitution, and that all who support it, support slavery. But it did not suit the opposition to accede to that, or any other proposition we made, for they were sure there was a cat under the meal. We told them if they would rather, to affirm that the constitution was anti-slavery, and that by its operation every slave in the land should be freed. But no, that didn't suit them. Finding it impossible to please them, we finally called for a vote of the audience upon the proposition as last stated, and it was adopted *for discussion*. The first evening of the discussion our side was sustained by Mr. Howland.

THE SECOND EVENING.

On Tuesday evening we were obliged to go again into the Academy, where Mr. Johnson and myself concluded the discussion. After doing what he could to construe the constitution anti-slavery-wise, he also endeavored to show that the pro-slavery clauses were not pro-slavery. He and his friends having *refused* to accept our proposition to discuss the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, I told the audience, that because of that, I would not follow him there in that debate, but at another meeting would give some further attention to that matter, we having had the subject up for consideration on Sunday evening.

At the conclusion of the debate, I announced a meeting for ourselves on Thursday night.

OUR LAST MEETING.

On thursday night we held our seventh and last meeting in Fitchville, which was accompanied with some little discussion. Circumstances seemed to so shape our course as to prolong our stay there. The discussion on the constitution for two evenings occupied time that would else have been used in presenting other phases of our movement, and the hope that by a protracted movement we might awaken some interest, was a temptation we did not resist.

It is, of course impossible to measure results, to scan the future with prophetic eye, and see what the seed planted to day may afterwards become; but so far as present apparent results are to be counted, our labors there amount to nothing, or almost nothing. If the people there have hearts and consciences, I suspect they are kept as they keep their Sunday gear, more for holiday ornament than for use. I would as soon attempt to thaw an iceberg with a smile, as to melt their frigidity by appeals to their moral sense, to their convictions of individual responsibility. I hope, for their sakes, I am mistaken in the judgment I have arrived at, but that judgment forces itself with irresistable conviction upon my mind.

LYCEUM MEETING.

The Academy room in which we held our meetings, being engaged for a Lyceum meeting on Wednesday evening, we of course gave way.—The members of the Association invited Mrs. Jones to address them, which she accordingly did, upon the subject of moral and social culture. So favorably was her lecture received, they appointed a committee to request a copy of it for publication.

LECTURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Some of the ladies in Fitchville thinking that a lecture upon woman's rights would tend to enlighten and benefit the people, requested Mrs. Jones to speak upon that subject, which she consented to do, provided a church could be secured for the purpose. The Baptist church was secured, and a large number assembled to hear the opposite of the doctrines which the Rev. Mr. Johnson had been so strenuously advocating. Mr. Johnson, in an interview with Mrs. Jones the day after she lectured before the Lyceum, complimented her on the manner of her doing it, although in the sentence immediately proceeding his complimentary one, he had declared it was a *shame* for a woman to speak in public; but she did it, he said, in a very modest and becoming manner.—Mr. Johnson's imagination may be sufficiently powerful to present the picture of a woman doing a shameful thing in a very modest and becoming manner, but mine, I confess, is not.

At our last anti-slavery meeting in the place, while Mrs. Jones was speaking, Mr. Johnson interrupted her to enquire whether he might express his dissent from such of her positions as he disapproved. This it is true, was only a recognition of the *fact* of her speaking and not of her *right*. Yet it did appear a little inconsistent for one who denied the right, to wish to discuss with her. She told him to wait until she had finished her discourse, and then he might speak; which he accordingly did.

B. S. J.

CONNEAUT TP. CRAWFORD CO., PA.,
Feb. 22d. 1858.

To the Editor of the Bugle: DEAR FRIEND: I wish to write a few words on the subject of voting and as I can communicate my thoughts best in the shape of a reply to James D. Johnson's remarks in reply to Dr. Brooke in some previous numbers of the Bugle, I shall adopt that form, especially as he says:—

"Feeling that what I have written is a fair and honest statement of my convictions and if I have taken a wrong position or made use of unphilosophical arguments to sustain my position I freely invite the censure and criticism of any who feel disposed to offer them." As he does not seem satisfied with the Dr.'s reasoning and still thinks his arguments are too sweeping, I will try and show wherein I think he is wrong.

To my mind the Dr. has proven beyond a doubt that Radical Abolitionists as well as Republicans are on a level with slave holders, simply as such. For illustration suppose that the Democrats should adopt a resolution in their platform (who would be as averse to it as any party) in favor of a law to punish with imprisonment during life say the Universalists in belief, and the Republicans adopt a resolution in their platform the very opposite and each party nominates a President and other officers who are in favor of those respective resolutions. We will suppose that the Democrats elect their officers by a considerable majority, and those officers should carry out their principles to the farthest extent and pass a law that if those unfortunate persons should evade the law so as to make it impossible to imprison them, the executive officers should have the right to shoot them down on the spot together with all who should aid them.

Would not Mr. Johnson or any one else say that those who voted against that law or party were equally as guilty as those who voted for it, supposing a previous agreement between both parties to abide by the decision of the majority. I do honestly think that it is as plain as can be, that they are as guilty in the end as those that were in favor of such a law, in as much as they start out by consenting to its existence in case of their own defeat. For when the law comes to be executed they are powerless to save the unfortunate, without violating their pledge, no matter what chance there might be to save them from the grasp of those monsters. Furthermore I think they are pledged to assist them in carrying out the law, especially when they are called *on* by those that execute the law. This is a most shocking picture, but shocking as it seems, it is no more shocking to my mind than the slaveholders and all other parties are, which consent to decide whether a person is a free person or a slave by a *majority of votes*. They virtually say when they go to the polls that the people of this government shall be ruled by the majority, even if it should be in favor of the slave holder, until a majority can be obtained the other way. The minority have to withhold all aid to the slave any farther than the law directs or admits, which is very small, unless they disregard their pledge. I wish it to be understood that I am not opposed to voting under all circumstances although I do protest against voting under existing circumstances. My reason is that it is a self-evident fact that one person has of natural right no more right to his liberty than another person. I wish to be free to do all that I can in all times and pieces to set those at liberty who are in slavery, which would be out of my power if I were to join any political party as long as that party is in the minority, unless I should disregard my word.

Mr. Johnson says, "it is indeed a strange thing if I am as guilty of sustaining slavery as the slaveholder when I vote for the entire demolishment of slavery, and the slaveholder votes for its eternal existence and prosperity" I think he is, if as he says, "The Federal Constitution promises very clearly the blessings of liberty to every inhabitant of this government" that being the case what right has any party or person to try to pass a law to enslave any person under this government. The moment they do pass a law to enslave any one they convert an anti-slavery government into a pro-slavery government. What! An anti-slavery government and constitution, and yet we have to vote slavery out of it or let it stay as long as it lists, and still call it anti-slavery?—True the declaration of independence declares that all men are born free and equal etc., but does that prove this government anti-slavery when slaveholders have been allowed to hold slaves under it from the very commencement up to the present time? Mr. Johnson says, "Let the interpretation of the United States court be reversed and he (the slaveholder) will just that quick denounce it (the constitution) as a dirty abolition instrument intended only to trap the silly slaveholder." So it seems to depend according to his theory, on those who interpret it whether it is anti-slavery or not. Now, would it not be best to lay this constitution by, and let all who are in favor of abolishing slavery come together and make a new start, and try and have one that can not be anything but anti-slavery i. e., can't be interpreted to mean anything else.

I will close hoping that these remarks will be taken in good part as I can assure you I have not written in disrespect of any one.

S. BROOKS JR.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A FIELD HAND.

DEAR M.: The labors of a "field hand" are I think but little understood by those who, sitting cosily by their fire-sides with their families and friends around them, read the notes and reports of the laborers as recorded in the columns of the Bugle.—Their many trials and privations can only be appreciated by those who, like yourself have actually been in the field, in the hardest of the work. Even some of those who are able to, and do give good service to the cause in those parts of the lecturing field, where the field hand has preceeded them, and created an interest, and raised up friends, and so made the way smooth and the path straight for them to follow after, and in a kind of triumphal march, receiving the applause of admiring crowds; know but little of the toil and sufferings of those who as pioneers have gone before and broken up the fallow ground and sowed the seed of which they seem to reap the fruit. And neither they or the eleventh hour laborers like myself, can have a "realizing sense" of the actual extremities to which the Fosters, the Pillsburys, the Burleighs and others have been reduced in their early and unrewarded labors. And yet the remaining field work has its severities, that the Bugle readers can hardly appreciate as they enjoy the pleasant reading that B. S. J. serves up for them in his "notes". It has not yet in all directions, become a triumphal march nor yet a "pleasure excursion", as some of the friends seem to think, but privations, trials and difficulties still beset our path with occasional discomfort, although we find many pleasant friends and experiences, and shall ever cherish in our memories the many sunny spots that we have found like oases in the great deserts we have treasured.

With no disposition to complain of my comparatively light labors, I would like to give for the edification of your readers a sketch of a tramp I took in the wilderness a few weeks since, without giving names or places so that none can be affronted at any liberties I may take with them.

Starting forth by railroad, I rode six miles and arranged a series of meetings for our company, and thence proposed to go forward by the cars eight miles to take a hack a dozen miles, to our next point, but learning that it was the wrong day for the hack, I set forth with baggage in hand (carpet bag, bundle and umbrella,—too much for a foot journey) by the *overland* route. And after a chance jolting ride of four miles in a wood wagon, and a walk of five miles through mud and slush, night overtook me with a rain and snow storm at a small village, where knowing of no friends I was left to the tender mercies of the only hotel of the place.

I spent the dark, dismal evening with some reading that I had provided in my satchel, in the dingy bar room, and in noticing the industry of the landlord at the checkerboard, and in serving out whisky to his customers while I tended fire, and tried by stuffing into the stove sundry pieces of wet mouldy boards that I broke to the right size to raise heat enough to dry my clothing, saturated by the perspiration of the hurried tramp to find a shelter before night. When at eight o'clock the entire stock of boards, blocks and rubbish that I had found laying around loose upon the floor, was exhausted, and an application to the landlord resulted in the sad information that he had no more fuel! "But you will have a fire to-morrow? I inquired. Yes, was the reply. But what will you do for material? I asked. Well, he thought he should be able to find something in the morning! "Take no thought for the morrow" was here fairly exemplified. And as nothing better could be done, I annoyed to go to bed, in gloomy recollections of past experiences with broken slatted bedsteads, soiled sheets, wild animals, and unfurnished rooms at hotels of like appearance with this. But here I was happily disappointed, and found a room neat and tidy, well and cleanly furnished in all its appointments.

Having learned here that I had been misinformed as to the hack, but that the morrow was the day for it, and that it would pass about noon, I made no haste in the morning, and quite leisurely waited its arrival. About eleven o'clock I stepped over to the post office to ascertain when it might be certainly expected, and learned to my dismay, that it was not running, as a large bridge on the route was undergoing repairs which could not now be crossed by carriages, and the mail was carried on horse back!

Gathering up my baggage I hastily started on my way by the "foot train", through roads that were much worse than those of the previous day in consequence of the fall of snow that had concealed the slimy, slippery road that lay underneath, as filthy as ever, and more damaging to good pedestrianism than without its whited guise: every step of the way bringing vividly to mind the fable of the frog's escape from the well, by jumping two feet forward while slipping one back; or else, one forward and two back, I forget which.

Five miles of painful slumping accomplished, I reached my first desired point, and on inquiring at the post office, found that the nearest Bugle subscriber lived a mile and a half from the center.—To him I made what haste I could, (but "made haste slowly,") thankful that my weary pilgrimage was so near an end. But alas for the delusion of human anticipations! I found him too old and feeble to render us material aid, in the way of going with a team to meet and bring forward our baggage and heavy artillery, and as the other Bugle subscriber who lived two miles farther off was reported to be in no better situation to aid us, I refreshed myself with a few apples, and started forward. Stopping at the center I made arrangements for meetings, (in case we could ever get our company there, which then seemed doubtful,) with a man who was "opposed to that anti slavery that destroyed all religion". I told him that we were just the kind he liked, as it was our labor to establish pure Christianity against the atheistic infidelity of pro-slavery religion. This friend rendered us efficient aid when we finally arrived on the ground and seemed pleased with our meetings.

Five miles more of "slipping up" and "slipping down" the steepest hills that I have seen in Ohio, (and these were not real hills, but only the abrupt banks of two large rivers that doubled themselves across my path) brought me to the next center just at dark to find that none of the friends lived nearer than three miles, and as that was too much to add to my weary journey of thirteen miles, and as the night was too dark to find the way at all, I turned into the village hotel, and rested comfortably for the night, and on the morrow tramped the three miles over the *top* of the mud now frozen stiff in all its frightful deformity.

Here at last I found the friends we needed, who were prepared to arrange meetings for us, and to furnish conveyance to attend them, as well as to meet and bring us on to the ground from the nearest point of public conveyance. There I rested from my labor the rest of that day, eat apples, read the papers, and wrote letters.

On the morrow I started afresh, with a pleasant sun, but cold air, for a tramp of twenty miles over the rough frozen mud, my host regretting that it was so cold and rough that he could not carry me a part of the way. But a stout heart and willing limbs took me safely over the ground by the middle of the afternoon, with no external aid, save that afforded by two or three apples, and with no material damage, save blistered toes, weary limbs, and worn stockings and boots.

B. S. J. suggested in his "notes" awhile ago, that, as a penny saved was two pence earned, we should be credited with a donation equal to twice the amount saved by these foot excursions. But as I fear that your exhausted treasury would hardly be able to pay me off, for the more than a hundred miles that I tramped in January and the more than half that distance that I accomplished in the same way in February, I would suggest that the committee vote me instead, the brevet apointment of commander of the first company of foot soldiers. And if you should be at all scrupulous about vesting me the usual epaulette or sword, perhaps you can at least vote me a pair of *overshoes* to replace those ghastly relics that now adorn my pedal extremities and which have borne me so successfully over such quantities of mud in all its various stages, from its most slimy liquidity, up, or down, to its most deformed frigidity; and which I cannot look upon without a shudder, lest in some untoward moment I may slip through the yawning rents into such a depth of Ohio mud that I shall be lost forever.

J. A. H.

A PICTURE OF THE OHIO SENATE.—A Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette draws a full length picture of dull stupidity, and labels it a view of the senate—our Ohio Democratic senate, so favorable to building slave pens and other similar contrivances in the state. We presume the picture was not taken whilst in patriotic fervor, "the senator from Brown" was descanting on the horrors of amalgamation. No doubt then even stupidity awoke and gazed intent. Here is the picture.

THE SENATE—DESCRIPTIVE.

The Senate is always a nice, quiet place, but this morning it was delightfully tranquil and serene. It is a great relief to pass from the House, where they make such a noise doing nothing, to the Senate, where they take their *otium cum dignitate*; where

"Silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound;"

and I frequently seek this chamber of repose to calm the perturbed feelings aroused by the windy clamor of the Representatives. As you enter, your eye is greeted with the pleasing spectacle of twenty gentlemen reading newspapers, ten gentlemen asleep on the sofas, one gentleman addressing the quiet chair, in an unobtrusive conversational tone, and three gentlemen listening to him with languid deference. The spell rests on every thing. The sergeant-at-arms leans heavily upon the lobby rail, the spectators gaze, a sleepy dozen, on the scene outside; the messenger boys move noiselessly about, a solitary peanut youth urges with bated breath his apples upon your purchase. All is pleasant, dull and drowsy, as in that land
"In which it seemed always afternoon."

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, MARCH 13, 1858.

CARRYING OUT A PRINCIPLE.

At the North every body is anti-slavery; yet none but "impracticable fanatics," moral ninnies, attempt to be at all consistent with the *principles of freedom*. Anti-Lecompton Democrats and Republicans have a most easy method, in common with the great majority of church members, of sacrificing principle to expediency, whenever personal or party interest suggests that course.—Hence we can place little confidence in their professed devotion to liberty, however sincere we may think them, or however earnest they may really be for the time being. The only reason why non-voting abolitionists are and have ever been, the standing jest of Free Soilers and Republicans as well as Democrats, Whigs and church-members, is that they insist upon carrying out the principles of freedom; or in other words—they insist upon obedience to the immutable and self evident laws of God. The mass of the anti-slavery men of the North are for "DOING SOMETHING," and scorn to be shut up within the narrow boundaries of principle. Their genius and their philanthropy, alike scorn such cramping restrictions. They prefer the full swing of expediency, and then they can reasonably hope to accomplish something. Hence they have not the slightest difficulty in condemning slavery as the greatest of moral and political heresies, and at the same time honoring the heritics as equal companions in church and state, and rejoicing to elevate them to the chief seats of honor and power, whence they may dispense both law and morality to the nation.

Not so with the slaveholders. They believe in sticking to a principle. They do stick to principle and therefore they succeed. Most impressive illustrations of this they are constantly pressing upon northern consideration in every variety of form, their interest and ingenuity can suggest. They set out with the principle that slaveholding is right, and then very logically claim the privilege of practicing their right of slaveholding in Kansas, and Vermont, and wherever else their *interest or duty prompts them to go*.

Men profess to be astonished at the principles of the Nebraska Bill, of the Dred Scott Decision and the Lecompton swindle. What of them? They all redound to the glory of the Patriarchal practice of slaveholding. They are but the practical assertion of this God-given right. The indignant slaveholders become at once moral heroes, worthy of all honor, when they threaten to overthrow the constitution—revolutionise the government and scatter churches and ministers to the four winds of heaven, if they attempt to interfere with the practice of their patriarchal duties, at any time or place. Slaves are property by the enactments of the higher law, and neither Congresses, Judges, Governors or Presidents, have any right to interfere with its behests. And pray, has not a man a right to sell as well as *hold* his property. By what right then does Congress presume to pronounce the trade in slaves, piracy? This is the view taken of the case by the merchant princes in New Orleans, who like the ancient patriarchs, prophets and apostles, prefer obedience to *their* divine law of the right of slaveholding, at the sacrifice of peace—the Union and the church rather than recognise the authority of Congress to pronounce the exercise of that right, piracy. Hence in defiance of Congress, the trade in slaves is now as really established with the heathen princes of Africa, as with the "Christian" nabobs of Virginia. (See the article from the *New Orleans Delta*, in another column.)

The people of the North cry out against this as *horrible! Why so? Have they not consented to* it, when they consented to recognise slave ownership in Mississippi and Louisiana.—The *Delta* and its friends, the shippers of this African commerce only claim what is logically and on principle their pound of flesh. Did they not buy these slaves on the coast of Africa? And this discrimination of Congress, which makes it piracy to transport and sell in Louisiana slaves bought in Africa, while it pronounces it honorable commerce, to transport and sell them from Virginia, is not only an odious discrimination politically and commercially, but it is also against the Divine right of slave holding, and these Southern moral Titans are resolved to resist; they will have the trade. Like the Salt Lake Saints, they do not hesitate to choose obedience to their chosen principle in defiance of Congress and the law of the nation.

This contrast of the firmness and persistence of these pirates upon principle, with the compromising, stultifying course of that portion of the nation which pretends to an honest love of liberty, is certainly greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. The New Orleans Delta, represents the feeling of the South, when it shows its contempt of the subserviency and inconsistency of the north by the defiant particularity with which it gives the minute details of this conspiracy, as well against the laws of Congress as the laws of God. Its bravado is almost sublime. It would be quite so, had not the north proved time and again, that it was without courage or self respect before the impudent demands of slave holding braggarts and bullies. Indeed this impudent particularity of the Delta, and the suddenness with which the news is sprung upon us, *suggests* the idea that the statement may be a hoax. Such we should at once pronounce it, did we not know that it is the purpose of a portion of the South to establish this traffic at all hazards, and that their impudence and audacity in crime, is equal to the conception of the most inhuman and diabolical of monsters.

And yet even if it be true, that the slave trade is now in successful operation, we apprehend the bold villains who are prosecuting it, will find some opposition and embarrassment in their commerce, not so much from the anti-slavery North though that will be sufficient to aid the difficulty, as from the domestic producers of this species of merchandise. Governor Wise we have no doubt will be found as heartily opposed to free trade in niggers, as in oysters, and we shall soon expect to see a message from him on the subject, elaborately setting forth the immense profits of slave growing, to the chivalrous citizens of the old Dominion.

THE KNOXVILLE SYNOD.—The principal branch of the Southern secession from the New School Presbyterian Church, meets at Knoxville, Tennessee, on the 1st of April next.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.—The Pennsylvania Democracy held their state nominating convention last week, in Harrisburg. The Buchananiers carried their measures. But twenty-one members, out of one hundred and thirty-three, entered their protests against the Lecompton abominations of the [illegible].

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Sidney Howard Gay, for the last fourteen years Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, has retired from that paper. The last number contains his valedictory. Under Mr. Gay's excellent conduct the Standard has become, and still is, one of the first and very best papers of the land, not only in its moral character, but also in literary excellence and as a repository of the most important facts of the age. The following tribute to Mr. Gay's industry, fidelity and ability, is justly paid, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The resolutions was adopted, January 14th, 1858.

Resolved, That the resignation of Mr. GAY be accepted, to take effect at the time named by him.

Resolved, That in dissolving our official connection with Mr. Gay, we would express the deep sense we entertain of the value of his services as Senior Editor of The Standard for nearly fourteen years, of the fidelity, discretion and talent he has manifested in that difficult position, and of the zeal with which he has devoted himself to the promotion of the anti-slavery cause, and we would cordially assure him of our regret that he feels it to be his duty, from private considerations, to withdraw from the post he has occupied so long and so well, and of our sincerest good wishes for his happiness and his prosperity in the future pursuits of his life.

Mr. Gay states that his resignation is rendered necessary by merely personal and private considerations. He is henceforth to be connected with the Editorial corps of the Tribune.

Oliver Johnson, so well and so favorably known for his long connection with the anti-slavery press, is the successor of Mr. Gay, as principal Editor. In his hands and with the aid of his excellent and able assistants, the Standard will lose none of its interest or value. Of course the Executive Committee would consent to no arrangement which should at all abate its value to the cause.

The committee urge the claims of the Standard for support in the following appeal to the friends of the slave and of humanity.

APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society take the opportunity of the editorial change in the conduct of The Standard, now announced, to address their earnest appeal to each and every of their associate members of the Society, and to all the friends of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal.

Hitherto The Standard has not had a self-supporting subscription-basis. It has, doubtless, deserved it too well to obtain it in the past. But the change for the better, which our anti-slavery action has effected upon the public mind, warrants our expecting and calling for such a basis in future. To accomplish this, we ask the steady, unanimous co-operation of every friend of The Standard, and of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The excellence of The Standard as a journal, whether in regard to its literary taste, its editorial ability or its typographical accuracy and neatness, is unhesitatingly offered for comparison in these particulars with any other American journal; while in respect to its anti-slavery fidelity, fearlessness and discernment, it is enough to say that it is the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the only associated body in the land which takes the high and impregnable ground of the utter *Sinfulness of Slavery, of the Duty of Immediate Emancipation of every slave on our soil, and of the correlative Duty of every man to cease from all governmental, political or ecclesiastical Union with the American Slave holder and Slave trader.*

On these grounds, and for the cause's sake, we solicit of every friend of the American Slave an immediate and a persevering attention to the work of securing to the Standard a large and self-supporting subscription-list, thus leaving the funds obtained by donation to the Society's treasury to be applied to other agencies.

We can confidently assure all friends of our cause, that we believe there will be no diminution in the interest or value of The Standard, in consequence of the changes which have necessarily been made. We shall indeed lose the services of a thoroughly able, conscientious, faithful and judicious editor, by the retirement of Mr. Gay. But arrangements have been made for securing editorial labour and oversight, of the most thorough and effective kind, and The Standard will under the continued editorial supervision of our tried coadjutor, Oliver Johnson, undoubtedly maintain, and add to, its acknowledged excellence.

With this fixed purpose, on the part both of Committee and Editors, we call with earnestness upon *all* our associates and friends to give The Standard a large circulation throughout the Non-Slaveholding States, and, as far as possible through the Slaveholding States also. There are no journals in existence—not even the best of the *Tribunes, Evening Posts* and *Independents*—which can be trusted to do, or which even propose to do, the thorough, vigorous and uncompromising work which The Standard will do. There is no journal which supersedes or renders The Standard unnecessary. No tampering with this great Sin, no daubing with untempered mortar, no filming-over the ulcerous spot, no consent to a temporizing policy or to half-way measures shall ever disgrace it.

FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE! FRIENDS OF HUMANITY! FRIENDS OF YOUR COUNTRY, in deed and in truth! Will you not at once, and from every quarter, the nearest and the most remote from our centre of publication, respond to this call? Send to our office, 138, Nassau street, New York, the name of every new subscriber whom you can obtain. Send thither intelligence of the cause in your neighborhoods. Send your words of cheer and counsel. And by your united strength, give to our STANDARD a more conspicuous position in the land, and a new power for the Deliverance of the Enslaved.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
EDMUND QUINCY,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
CHARLES F. HOVEY,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
Executive Committee.

HAND BOOKS FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT.—Fowler & Wells, have now in preparation a second series of their hand books, to be devoted to Rural Economy and Rural Art. First in this series is "The Garden; a Pocket Manual of Practical Horticulture. Embracing directions for the cultivation of vegetables, fruits, flowers and ornamental trees and shrubs.

The publications of the preceeding series were all valuable. We trust these may be no less so.

EMERSONS MAGAZINE AND PUTNAMS MONTHLY for March contains its usual variety both of reading matter and illustrations.

SARGENTS SCHOOL MONTHLY, has also a choice table of contents for our young friends.

DR. MACKAY.

The Scotch poet is now travelling in the South, and so demeaning himself as to secure the admiration of the people of that section, though justly considered very select in their friendships, and very suspicious of strangers. Mr. George Fitzhugh, a southern literary gentleman has written for the *National Intelligencer* a warm eulogy of the Doctor as a man, a scholar and reformer. In the latter capacity, he thinks the poet gifted with a remarkable discrimination and prudence. One which enables him to discern and proclaim the sufferings, sorrows and wrongs of *free* labor—while it is utterly dumb in regard to the trials and oppressions of *slave* labor. Indeed, the Southern eulogist thinks Dr. Mackay unsurpassed in this admirable feature of his reformatory character, except by Mr. Grayson, a South Carolina poet who has outdone the Scotchman by devoting his magnificent genius to depicting the blessings and happiness of Southern slaves. On this subject, we let the reviewer speak for himself.

"It is strange that the condition of the free laborer should be the theme for universal wailing and lamentation in poetry and prose, whilst negro slavery inspires a strain of the opposite character.—Mr. Grayson, of South Carolina, has depicted in excellent poetry the contented, happy and comfortable condition of Southern slaves; Dr. Mackay's poems are important political and historical facts, and independent of their pure morality, their sincere and fervent piety, and poetical ability, are valuable for the insight they afford into the workings of the boasted system of Free Society, which is no better on this side of the Atlantic than on the other, for the New York papers inform us that, just now, one-sixth of the population of that city is receiving alms. It is probable another sixth are stinted or suffering, but to proud to beg.

Dr. Mackay has thus far distinguished himself since his advent in this country; 1st by his praise of wine bibbers; 2nd by his obsequiousness to the slaveholders. He lacks conscience and manhood, and in the estimation of the admirers of these sterling human qualities, he can never henceforth realise the ideal, which his beautiful and heart stirring songs had created in the minds of thousands of the most estimable of Americans. Alas for human genius when it stoops so low.

A GRAND NATIONAL ANTI-LECOMPTON CONVENTION, is proposed to be held at Chicago some time hence. The *Press* gives its approval of the measure as follows;

"Let the people take the matter in hand, and by their prompt response to the call, give that hearty approval which must strike alarm into the hearts of those who are covertly striking at the dearest rights of American freemen. Let the Keystone State be among the first to signalise her sympathy in this important movement. Let State Conventions co-operate to send their strongest men. Let Douglass, the "Chevalier Bayard" of the united Democracy of Illinois; let Wise, of Virginia, the foremost son of that ancient and revered Commonwealth; let Stanton, of Tennessee, whose pen and tongue have unwaveringly championed the cause of the people; let Harney, of Kentucky, who can fitly illustrate the memories clinging to "the dark and bloody ground;" let Walker, whose course has kindled admiration in every true Pennsylvanian's heart; let Bancroft, whose name, all the world over, is inseparably associated with our national history and literature; let Broderick, the gallent exponent of the unanimous sentiment of the Democracy of "the Golden State; let Stuart, whose vote and whose voice have added laurels to the glory of the Peninsular State;—let these lend their commanding presence to honor the Mass Convocation of the People."

Miscellaneous Summary.

WASHINGTON CITY, MARCH 6.

HOUSE.—The committee on Revolutionary Claims, of which Mr. Cox, of Ohio, is Chairman, prepared a very interesting report, accompanied by a bill giving the lineal descendants of Revolutionary officers the half pay for life which was granted them during the revolution by several resolutions of the Continental Congress.

A HAPPY REJOINDER.—While Mr. Collamer was speaking in the Senate on Monday, he turned towards Senator Benjamin, whose seat is near his, and said:

"I observe that the senator from Louisiana is making a suggestion; perhaps it is a very important one."

Senator Benjamin promptly rose and very courteously apologised for the interruption, and said:

"I did not mean to interrupt the senator's remarks in the slightest degree. I was merely suggesting to his colleague that his argument might be turned the other way. If he will reflect a moment he will see that we got Louisiana, all slave territory, and they took half of it; and it was not a very unreasonable thing for the South to ask for half of the Mexican acquisitions, that he says were all free."

Mr. Collamer rejoined as follows:

"I have no doubt that the gentleman's ingenuity can turn any argument against any man. The suggestion was more loud, perhaps, than was intended; and I did not know but that the gentleman was somewhat in the condition of the lawyer who kept talking loud after the decision of the judge. the judge told him there was no use of arguing after the decision had been made. He said he was not arguing, he was only *cussing* the decision." [Laughter.]

BALTIMORE, March 9.—The Methodist Episcopal Conference to-day resolved to establish a newspaper in part to disabuse the public mind on the question of Slavery, claiming to occupy a conservative position.

RICHMOND, VA., March 6.—The Legislature last night voted a gold medal to the widow of the late Commander Herndon, of the ill-fated steamer Central America.

The Legislature adjourned sine die, but a proclamation by Gov. Wise was immediately read, convening an extra session, commencing on Monday. The Governor intends that the Legislature shall continue in session until their business is completed.

SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.—A man whose name is West, walking in considerable haste through the streets of a town of Indiana, a few weeks since, was followed by another named Carmical. Mr. West is a member of a Methodist Church, and Carmical a member of a Presbyterian Church.—The Presbyterian was anxious to commune with his Methodist brother: but the Methodist did not hold that kind of communion, and increased his speed. Offended with this unbrotherly conduct the indignant Presbyterian fired upon him with a revolver. The parties were both from the Southern States. *The Methodist was a slave; the Presbyterian his owner.*

MINNESOTA—LET HER STAY OUT.—We heartily concur with the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* in the following:

"Kansas and Minnesota are to be linked together by the Solons of the Senate, so that the free State can drag in the slave State. Better that both stay out till doomsday than be brought in under such conditions. No matter when a free State gets ready for admission, she must wait until a Slave State is hunted up, or a free State *manufactured into a slave state* to accompany her into the Union. We want no more slave States or free States either, on any such terms. Let the people of the Territories organize State Governments and remain outside, until they can be received without such degrading conditions."

LET 'EM GO.—A joint committee appointed by the Texas Legislature to consider the Kansas message of the Governor of that State, has reported a bill to appoint seven delegates to a convention of the southern States, provided that such a convention be called by a majority of the slave States. The bill also appropriates ten thousand dollars to pay expenses. The object proposed by the convention referred to, is to devise ways and means to effect a dissolution of the Union. We hope no strenuous efforts will be made to prevent this "patriotic" State from carrying its "noble" design into execution. Since dissolution is preferable to submission to the will of the majority favorable to free Kansas, we trust the confederacy may give these few semi-Mexican rancheros, a chance to go out of the Union just as far as possible, the farther the better. They will leave the soil of Texas behind them we trust. Even if they take that the loss will not be very great.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

The grand jury having power under the law of Congress to punish contempt of the authority of either House, found a bill of indictment against Mr. Wolcott, the recusant witness in the alleged tariff bribery case.

A NEW and dangerous $10 counterfeit note of the State Bank of Ohio Preble county Branch Eaton, is noticed as having just made its appearance. It is very well executed, the red back and all being calculated to deceive the most wary. We are not aware in what respect it varies from the genuine notes, but it will be well to avoid taking any $10 notes of that Bank, until they are referred to a broker.

FREE BALLOT-BOX.—The report of the number of troops in Kansas, as we learn from the summary submitted to the Senate by the Secretary of War gives 2516 which is just about one-third more than the reported number of votes given for delegates to the Lecompton Convention. That is, every company of three ruffians in casting their votes were accompanied to the ballot-box by four hireling soldiers.

A SCOTCH MILLIONAIRE.—The will of the late Mr. Morrison, formerly of the London house of Morrison & Cryder, has just been administered to in Scotland. The estate exceeds $20,000,000. Basildon Park, which cost $600,000, is the mansion given to the widow for her residence, with an anuity of $50,000 a year. The great Islay estate, in Scotland, large enough for a principality, and which cost $2,200,000, is given to his son Charles, to whom also is bequeathed the round sum of $5,000,000.

HORTICULTURE AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM.

At the instance of several friends favorable to improvement in Horticulture, a meeting convened in Salem, and organised by calling Benj. Bown to the Chair, and appointing J. K. Rukenbrod, Secretary. The object of the meeting being stated and fully discussed—various views were presented—some in favor of organizing, exclusively a Horticultural Society—others wishing to combine Agriculture and Mechanism.

The undersigned were appointed a Committee, to call another meeting, to be held in the Town HALL, on Saturday, March 13th, at 1 o'clock P. M. For the purpose of forming a Society for the promotion of *one or all these objects*, as the meeting shall then determine. All are invited to attend, whether residents of Columbiana or other counties.

Jacob Heaton, Edward Bonsall,
David Venable, Hill Tolerton,
David Street, Sophia Cornwell,
E. Robinson, Sarah Bown.

HYMENIAL.

MARRIED—In Enon, Pa., on the 3rd. inst., by Friends Ceremony, in the presence of Squire Cunningham, JOHN N. MATLACK to CATHARINE S. EVANS, both formerly of Pennsylvania.

Receipts for the Bugle for the week ending Feb. 10.

Robert Hillis, Mt. Union,	1.50	pay to 692
Joel S. Bonsall, Salem,	5.00	637
Simeon Sharp, "	1.75	670
Charles Naylor, Nova,	1.50	697
Clark Trescott, Alliance,	2.00	499
R. C. Paul, Cleveland,	3.00	531
Charles Naylor, Nova,	5.00	592
Joseph S. Boynton, Pulaski,	1.50	693
J. Hardman, Muscatine,	1.50	692
L. D. Pellett, Etna Green,	1.00	676
C. S. Edson, Franklin Mills,	1.04	731
O. B. Boon, Montpelier,	1.00	645
W. Weeks, Ann Arbor,	1.50	680
Nancy A. Bowker, Fitchville,	1.50	698
Johnathan King, Berlin Centre,	1.50	674
Chesteen Harrison, Zanesville,	2.04	630
Enos Lewis, Pennville,	2.00	675
Ellen Udell, Jefferson,	3.00	681
H. Bacon, Rochester Depot,	1.50	698
L. D. Warren, Wellington,	1.50	698

STROUD'S SLAVE LAWS.

Stroud's Sketch of the Slave Laws, embracing the legislation of the slave-states in regard to slavery, can be had on application by mail or otherwise, to the Editor of the Bugle. It is a valuable book, and should be in the hands of every Anti-Slavery man. Those who wish it sent by mail will enclose 15 cents in postage stamps.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS ALMANAC.

A Woman's Rights Almanac, embodying many important facts regarding the political and legal condition of women, may be had at the Book-Store of I. Steer & Co., Salem.

FARQUHAR HOUSE,
EAST END OF MAIN STREET,
Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.
W. W. ALLEN, Ag't, C. Curry, *Clerk.*
Passengers conveyed to and from the depot free of charge.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.	1ST. EXPRESS.	2D EXPRESS.
Leaves Pittsburg,	6.30, a. m.	3,15, p.m.
" Enon,	7,30,	4,14
" Columbiana,	8,09	4,40
" Salem,	8,34,	5,14
" Alliance,	9,22,	6,01
" Crestline,	1,00 p. m.	10,30
Arrive at Chicago,	4,40 .a m.,	1.00

GOING EAST.	2D EXPRESS.	1ST EXPRESS.
Leaves Chicago,	8,45, p. m.,	6,00 a. m.
" Crestline,	12,55,	10,05
" Alliance,	4,21	2,24
" Salem,	4,57	4,03
" Columbiana,	5,24	4,33
" Enon	7,06	5,17
Arrive at Pitts'g	8,10	7,20

J. H. MOORE, Superintendent.
October 17, 1857.

J. Deming & Co.,
Have just received a good stock of CHOICE GROCERIES, consisting of nearly everything kept in our line of trade. We call particular attention to our
SUGAR, COFFEE, AND CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.
We buy for Cash and will sell cheap.
WANTED.
3000 bushels prime dried apples for which the highest market price will be paid.
Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.
J. DEMING & CO.
Salem. Oct., 14, 1857.

Geo. W. Manly,
AMBROTYPE AND
DAGUERRIAN ARTIST
SCHILLINGS' BLOCK,
Main Street, Salem, Ohio.
Salem, June 23, 1855.

The New York
STEAM SAW-MILL
AND
MACHINE COMPANY.
CAPITAL, $250,000.
This Company has been organized with the above capital for the purpose of supplying the demand for the
Combination Portable Steam Saw Mill.
AND OTHER IMPROVED MACHINERY.
They have purchased the entire machinery business heretofore carried on by J. M. Emerson & Co., also the Montgomery Works at Yonkers, on the Hudson, near this city, and with the experience and facilities combined in its organization are prepared to furnish machinery of all kinds at more liberal rates, than has ever been offered at any other establishment.
THE COMBINATION SAW-MILL was patented October, 1856, and is now generally acknowledged to be the cheapest, most practical, and efficient lumber manufacturing machine in the world A large number of them are in successful operation in different sections of the country, Canada, Cuba, and South America, and wherever their merits have been tested they are being adopted by lumber manufacturers in preference to all other mills.
The following letter expresses the general opinion of those who are using the Combination Mill:
MESSRS. EMERSON & Co: Gentlemen: I have tried the saw-mill purchased of you and will say that it performs well, and more than meets my expectations. I am well pleased with its performance. I set it up on a small stream that afforded constant water about as thick as my little finger, which was much more than sufficient to supply the boiler. We are able to cut 3,000 feet of beautiful lumber in 12 hours, with something less than one cord of wood. It is the very thing we have so much needed in our country for a long time.—With a little trouble and expense, we are able to move it from five to ten miles per day, and set it up in the heart of the timber, which saves the great burden of hauling the logs a long distance to the mill.
Yours, Respectfully,
JESSE KERR, JR.,
Louisville, Tennessee.
The Company have purchased LUND'S PATENT FEED ARRANGEMENT, which is illustrated and described in the Scientific American for October 24. This adds greatly to the efficiency of the mill.
The COMBINATION MILL, with all the recent improvements, and steam power of 15 horses, is capable of sawing from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in twelve hours, and is sold for $1,650.
The New York Circular Saw-Mill
Is manufactured only by this Company. It is of superior construction, and sold for twenty-five per cent. less than other mills of no greater capacity.. A mill with 36 to 54-inch saw can be sold for $450 to $500, and with a 20 horse engine and boiler is sold for $2,200.
STEAM ENGINES and BOILERS; ENGINES of from one to 100 horse power; LOCOMOTIVE, TUBULAR, FLUE and CYLINDER BOILERS furnished at greatly reduced prices from former quotations.
Drawings with plans and specifications for buildings and machinery furnished gratis to our customers.
Competent mechanics are sent out to put up and set in operation our machinery, when required.
We also manufacture
Shingle Machines, Planing Machines, Sugar-Mills, and Machinery in General.
Special attention paid to getting up SHAFTING and PULLIES for manufactories, and all kinds of MILL-WRIGHT WORK.
This Company are selling in great numbers a PATENT CONICAL BURR-STONE MILL, for flour, corn meal, and all kinds of feed, which is pronounced by experienced millers, both in this country and Europe,
THE BEST MILL EVER CONSTRUCTED.
It will grind more grain in the same time, and with half the power, of any mill of the same price in the market.
We also furnish other styles of GRIST-MILLS, when required.
J. M. EMERSON & CO., *Agents.*
No. 371 Broadway, New York.

Botanic Medicine,
HIGH-STREET, SALEM OHIO.
MRS. C. L. CHURCH, takes this method of informing her friends, and the public, that she has permanently located on the North side of High-st., between the Canfield road and Lundy-st., where she intends keeping a general assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, carefully prepared by herself and warranted free of all deleterious substances.
Salem, Ohio, April 19, 1856.

PITTSBURGH WATER CURE.
This institution for the Cure of the sick, is situated on the Ohio River and Ohio and Pa. R. R., 10 miles West of the City at
HAYSVILLE STATION.
All kinds of disease successfully treated. For particulars Address either of the physicians, Box 1304 Pittsburgh, Pa.
S. FREASE, M. D.
H. FREASE, M. D.
MRS. C. P. FREASE, M. D.
April 13th, 1856.

HANDSOME BUILDING
SITES IN SALEM, OHIO.
I am now prepared to sell those DESIRABLE LOTS, on Lisbon Street, opposite the dwellings of Messrs. Wright, Jones, Hillman, &c., &c. Enquire of John Deming, or the subscriber.
BENJAMIN BOWN.
I offer, also, for sale the Farm where I now reside; being 130 Acres, well improved, well watered and in good condition, 2½ miles South of Salem, on the Lisbon Road.
Aug. 23. tf BENJAMIN BOWN

The Celebrated Steel Pens, No. 708,
Manufactured by Joseph Gillott, for sale wholesale and retail, by
J. M'MILLAN.
Salem, .24, 1857.

GOODS AT GREAT BARGAINS!!
Should you want Coats, Pants, and Vests, Ready Made or Made to Order, call at
HEATONS.
Should you want Cheap Stella Broche or Bay State Shawls. Call at
HEATONS.
Should you want a Good Brush Hat or Cap, call at
HEATONS.
Should you want a good bed call and get the Ticking, Feathers, or Husks at
HEATONS.
If you want Cheap Sugar and Molasses; call at
HEATONS.
If you want the Best Black and Green Tea, call at
HEATONS.
If you want the Best FLOUR made in Wayne County, from White Wheat, call at
HEATONS.
In short, we have a good assortment of Goods of every variety, that will be sold lower than you can find them in Salem, if you want to buy Goods for Cash. The place to get more than the worth of your money, is to call at
HEATONS.
Jan'y 23, 1858.

WITNER OF 1857,
BARGAINS UNPRECEDENTED!!
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!!
J. & L. SCHILLING
Beg leave to announce the opening of their *second large stock of Fall and Winter Goods*, which owing to the great financial crisis and the general crash amongst Eastern Manufacturers and Jobbers, they are enabled to offer their friends and patrons at greatly reduced prices. All those who want *Extra Cheap Goods*, of the Best Quality and Latest Styles, will find it to their decided interest to call soon at the
"CHEAP CORNER."
and make their selections while the Stock is yet fresh and the assortment good. The Ladies will find us on hand with a Splendid Line of Plain and Figured French Merinoes, Plain and Fancy Dress Silks, All and Half Wool Cashmere Plaids, Valencias and Poil De Chevres, Coburgs and Alpaccas, Madonna Cloths and Debeges, Delaines, Ginghams, Prints,
Also, much the largest and cheapest lot of
Broche, Bay State, Watervliet and Gentlemen's SHAWLS
Ever offered in market. Dress Trimmings, Embroideries, Laces, Gloves, and Hosiery, in endless variety BONNETS and BONNET RIBBONS.
LADIES' & GENTS' CHENILLE & WOOLEN SCARFS!!
A GENERAL STOCK OF NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
Brown and Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings.—Of Men's and Boys' Pantaloonery we claim much the best assortment ever offered in the Salem Market, and at prices full *twenty per cent. less*. Bed-Blankets, so Cheap that none need be without them. All Wool, Half Wool and Cotton Ingrain and Venetian Carpets, at extra reduced prices. Wall and Window Paper, also, Green Gum Cloth and Transparent Window Shades and Fixtures in Great Variety.
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
A full stock embracing all the new patterns of the season at *prices defying competition*. A full supply of
Family Groceries,
of the Be
Feeling thankful for past favors, we only wish to add, that as we are the only firm in Salem, that has visited the Eastern Markets, since the great decline in the prices of goods; we are also the only House that can give you the advantage of that reduction in your purchase.
Feeling satisfied that we have not only the Goods to accommodate your wants, but also at Prices, highly complimentary to the CHEAP CORNER, we solicit an early call.
Yours, Respectfully,
J. & L. SCHILLING.
CHEAP CORNER, Salem, December 5th, 1857.

ENOS L. WOODS & CO.
Steam Engine Builders,
ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO
Engines of the best patterns built to order, on very reasonable terms.
June 21, 1856.-1y.

GROCERY & PROVISION Store.
J. M. THOMPSON keeps on hand a full assortment of all kinds of Groceries; Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, and Syrup; also Bacon, Fish by the barrel, half barrel or pound; Flour, Rice, Cigars, Tobacco, Soaps and Burning Fluid. He is receiving fresh Goods from the East and West nearly every day, and can and will sell as low as any other establishment in Town.
N. B. Western Reserve Cheese constantly on hand and for sale.
Cash paid for Eggs.
Salem, May 30, 1857.

THOMAS SHARP] [HENRY KING.
SALEM IRON-WORKS,
Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.
SHARP & KING,
Manufacturers of Improved Steam Engines for all purposes; Steam Boilers of every description; all kinds of Mill Gearing; Iron Planers; Engine Lathes; Upright Drills; Gear-cutting Machines, &c., &c.
Gear-cutting done to order on New and Improved principles.
We Manufacture "Superior Engines" and Machinery for Saw-Mills, with which ordinary hands can cut more Lumber, with less expense for operation and repairs, than can be done with any other kind of Mills.
Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.
We have provided ourselves with a Gear-cutting Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 6½ feet in diameter—and under,—and 10 inch face,—and under—also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and uniformity in the teeth. Dressing cogs in this way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run almost as still and smooth as belts. A good assortment of Gum Belting, always on hand at the lowest prices.
Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass.
March 28, 1857.-1y.

D. WALTON,] [R. WALTON
D. WALTON, & SON,
SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF STOVES.
Also, Manufacturer of Tin Ware, Stove Furniture, Pipe, &c. A great variety of Japaned Ware and Toys.
Old Copper and Brass, and Old Iron and Rags taken in exchange.
Salem, Sep. 27, 1856.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at th's Office.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE LOVE-CHILD.

The most distant recollection of my life is exceedingly vivid;—I was traveling for several days and nights in a huge vehicle, which I suspect to have been a road wagon. My mother was with me, and often wept most bitterly, without, so far as I could perceive the least occasion, for we had plenty of straw and plenty of playfellows. To me the circumstances in which we were placed seemed glorious: she, however, thought differently. At last we quitted the wagon, and proceeded on foot across several fields, in which haymakers were at work; I began to grow tired; she took me in her arms, and I fell asleep. On awaking, I was in a small room, and my mother appeared to be quarreling with two or three other persons, who called me "brat," and threatened to throw me out of doors. To appease them, much to my amazement, my mother said, with great earnestness, that I had taken off her ring while she was thinking of something else, and lost it among the straw in the wagon. This seemed so to increase the wrath of the others that I screamed with all my might, that I had done nothing of this sort. My mother now hastily wrapped me up in her cloak and rushed out. I struggled to get my head at liberty, but she pressed me closer, and hurried on. Presently I heard voices of persons apparently in pursuit. Terrified to the utmost, fearful of their overtaking us, I gasped out "run, mother, run!" In a few moments I felt a sensation of falling—a heavy splash followed, and the roar of rushing waters was in my ears. I clung convulsively to my mother, and after a brief and painful dream and a long sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, and began to cry for water, my mouth, throat and stomach being as it seemed, lined with red hot iron. Somebody now got out of the bed in which I was lying; a bustle ensued and presently the people with whom my mother had been quarreling, one by one appeared, and ministered to my wants with the greatest tenderness and solicitude. After my thirst was a little quenched, I looked about for my mother—*but she was not there.*

By the foregoing facts the horizon of my memory is bounded. I recollect nothing with continuous distinctness of that part of my life which ensued, until I became eight or nine years old. Thenceforth events seem to have formed a perfect chain—and I can trace them link by link. A glance at the first will show that I had not been moving in a very enviable sphere of existence.

There was a field bounded on three sides by a copse, in which pheasants were most rigidly preserved, and nuts, crab-apples, and bitter sloes abounded: it, the copse, I cant conceive why, was called Cuckold's Harem. The Squire owned it; but the field which abutted on its boundary was the freehold of a morose farmer who would not part with his inheritance—and immense offers had been made to him—for "love or money."—He had about sixty acres of the best land in the parish, lying in the very heart of the Squire's immense estate, across which he had no less than seven distinct rights of way, and one of these ran right in front of the magnificent manor house. The Squire's name was Patch, the farmer's Belroy. Patch's grandfather had made an enormous fortune by robbing his employers, while acting as a slave agent on the Gold Coast: Belroy was probably a descendant of one of the Normans who had helped to beat Harold at the battle of Hastings. The only deed which he possessed as evidence of his title to the land he held, was a bit of parchment scarcely so big as the palm of his huge hand, bearing the date as Magna Charta, and purporting to have been sealed by "John the King" in the presence of Maud, Cicely, and Egbert Baron of Burr. In very bad Latin it recited and confirmed a grant by William the Norman to Thibaut Belroy and his heirs of all the hundred of Palsover, including Squire Patch's property: how the original donation had been so clipped, that nothing but its nucleus remained in the tenure of the first donee's descendants did not appear. But on this nucleus no human being set so high a value as its owner. Nothing could tempt him to part with it.

All this I ascertained subsequently to my first well-remembered encounter with him in the field that abutted on Cuckold's Harem. We met on a little bridge formed by a felled oak sawn in two, and flanked by rude posts and rails that crossed a slow, silent brook, which crept like a snake from the Squire's cover, along the side of the field, and formed a pool in the heart of Belroy's little freehold. At the first glimpse he laughed at me most heartily. I was attired in a coat of the last century; it had been worn by his grandfather, the kneebands of whose respectable velvet breeches dangled at my ankles—while the broad lappels of the upper garment, bedecked with tarnished embroidery, was dragged in the mire at my rear.

"Here's an imp!" quoth he, adding, as he turned to a beautiful child of about my own age, who accompanied him, "don't come on the bridge, Agnes for it's slippery. Why how's this, my gentleman? What's the use of my setting up scarecrows to keep off the damned pheasants from my corn, if you—you little nusbert, make a business of robbing them? You must be punished for this." I began to blubber, and the little girl sobbed. "You must be punished for this," added he, after a short pause. "Stay here till I return—keep the pheasants off and perhaps I may forgive you."

He then turned back, and walked away with his pretty little daughter, who several times looked over her shoulder, to see what I was about. I stared on the bridge until they disappeared, and then rather pleased than otherwise with my allotted punishment, I strutted about the field with official importance, and longed for some delinquent pheasant to alight within a stone's throw. Not a bird, however, ventured to appear for above two hours; when, weary with walking, I went up to the scarecrow, and leaned against the stick which supported it. In a few minutes a bird flew from the copse into the middle of the field, and, after flapping his wings, crowed as lustily as though he had been perched upon the topmost branch of an oak: two or three hen pheasants soon joined him, and perceiving that they fearlessly approached me, I refrained from throwing the capital pebble with which I had provided myself, until I could make tolerably sure of my aim. The golden opportunity soon arrived: I let fly, and hit the cock bird on the side of the head. He fell, and began to tumble about the furrows, flapping prodigiously, but not so as to alarm his companions; they were not aware of what I had done: while two of them gazed with curiosity at the phenomenon, the third bristled up and began to peck and spur at him most furiously. The moment I saw the success of my silent artillery, I went forward as speedily as my cumbrous habiliments would permit, to make sure of my spoil; but scarcely had I advanced a couple of yards when my career was arrested by a loud shout. The hen pheasants ran off into the preserve at the sound, and I, turning to that corner of the field from which it had proceeded, perceived Farmer Belroy advancing towards me with hasty strides. Suspecting, from his violent gestures, that I had committed some error, I started off in an opposite direction, but soon tumbled headlong. The next moment I felt myself in the clutch of my colossal enemy, and commenced a series of desperate manœuvers, the aim and intent of which was to writhe myself out of his grandfather's clothes. In this I should most probably have succeeded, had he not caught me up in a lump and hugged me to his breast, so that, my arms being pinioned, I was comparatively powerless. I say comparatively, for my legs being still at liberty, I drummed away upon his stomach with all my might, and fastening my teeth in his cheek, did all in my power to make them meet.

The farmer, however, almost instantly choked me off, and then holding me at arm's length, by the scuff of the neck, as the huntsman does a fox which he has rescued from his pack, he thus apostrophized me:—"Why thee'rt a stout lad, a downright limp of Belzebub! I'd no thought of harming thee! Doant thee wriggle, or I'll tie thee foot to foot, and carry thee home, swung by the ankles athwart my stick, like a paunched rabbit. Listen to reason—wilt? Promise and I'll let thee down—promise, and there's an apple for thee—look, a red-streak."

Half scared to death, I accepted the proffered token of peace, and he placed me on my legs. Observing me stare rather anxiously about, he asked gruffly what I was "glowering at?" I muttered something about the pheasant. "Drat the pheasant," he exclaimed: "luckily he's got his wits again, and crawled off; if you'd a year's more strength you'd ha' killed un, and then the Squire, if he'd heard of it—d'ye mind me? d'ye mind me, I say?—Tellee you mustn't kill 'em: only keep 'em off, that's all. I were on the bridge all the time, and as it seems pretty clear a mopstick's nothing when they've scraped acquaintance wi' un, I'll hire you for the place—d'ye hear—at twopence a week! What d'ye say?"

I pulled down my forelock in token of acquiescence, and after he had given me orders to be in the field by daybreak the next morning, and charged me, with great solemnity, not to kill "any of the d———d varmin," he went off, leaving me to ruminate on my felicity. Twopence a week was an income far—far beyond the utmost limits of my ambition—it soared up to the importance of a revenue! Twopence a week was a boundless amount! I puzzled my small brains to think how the deuce I should contrive to expend it.

The next morning I was at my post before the night birds had gone to roost. I sat down by the side of the ditch which fenced off the copse from the field, and having nothing better to do, I began to amuse myself by imitating the bark of a fox. Presently I saw the dim figure of a man glide noiselessly through a gate, and approach me; at the distance of about twenty yards he stopped, knelt down, and I heard the click of his trigger. To throw a somerset backwards, which lodged me safely in the mire of the ditch, was the work of a moment, and I had the good luck to escape with only two or three shots in the lower part of my right leg.

Although but little hurt, I screamed out "Murder" at the top of my shrill pipe, and in a few seconds, three or four men appeared. One of them turned the glass of a dark lantern upon me while a second, throwing himself flat on the ground, so that his head and shoulders overhung the edge of the ditch reached down and obtained such a clutch of my capacious apparel as enabled him to lift me up. While doing this he exclaimed, "Why the twoad comes out as light as a loose cork!"

"I'll be jiggered," said another, as I was thrown upon the bank, "if Ezra ban't a shot the farmer's scarecrow!"

Peals of laughter ensued, and I found that I had fallen into the hands of squire Patch's detestable posse of game-keepers, who were evidently prowling for Blue Peter the poacher.

Ezra now came nearer and in a quivering tone observed, "Scarecrow or no scarecrow, nobody can deny there were a fox barking; and as the Squire don't hunt, 'twere my duty to kill un, if so be as I could. But then what d'ye make o' the cry of 'murder,'—'twere awful like,—doantee think so?"

A pause ensued, which was broken by a shriek from myself, occasioned by one of the party having poked me in the ribs with the muzzle of his gun. In spite of all the impediments I could offer, my diminutive carcass was now speedily "shelled." After having learned the trivial nature of my wounds, one of the keepers tied up my duds with a hazel and slung it across his fowling piece, while Ezra wrapped me in his great coat and bore me off. In about half an hour we reached his cottage, at the door of which he took possession of my scarecrow costume, and after having stated that he should serve me up with the breakfast things at the Squire's, he wished the other keepers a hurried "good by," and carried me into his kitchen.

His wife immediately hailed him from the room above. "Ezra!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"I know there is—I can tell it by the burr o' thy voice. Is Peter shot at last—and by thy hand?—Oh! God! my poor brother!"

"No, no:—doantee, doantee howl so, missus—it's only a boy."

"Hast killed un dead, Ezra?"

The good woman now ran into the room. By the light of the wood fire, which the rush of air on opening the door had caused to burst into a pale blue flame, she saw that blood was dropping from the coat in which he carried his burden, and overwhelmed with agony, she threw herself upon his neck.

"Unhook your arms, Kitty," cried Ezra: "unhook, I say, or I shall let the boy fall squash upon the stones!—my knees do shake—unhook I say, Kit—d—n thee."

Down we fell, Ezra, Kit, and I, my dirty duds and his spruce fowling piece, in one sprawling group upon the hard flag floor. Ezra was either stunned or had fainted, and his wife, speedily becoming conscious of the calamity, roused her faculties, and, forgetting everything else, affectionately bestirred herself to recover him. I had already dropped from his grasp, and stood stark naked upon the hearth. Willing to make myself useful, I plucked a green twig from the fire, and placed it in such a position that the pungent smoke floated freely into his nostrils. This restored him to sensation, and in a few minutes, as the old women say, "he came round."

His wife Kitty, a very pale, care-worn looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, after having brought down from the room above and tied her warm flannel petticoat about my neck,—my arms being allowed to protrude through the pocket holes,—with astonishing celerity produced "a pot of tea." While this was being discussed, Ezra, who was now "himself again," carefully picked the shots from my leg, and after his wife had washed my face and hands, and most rigidly applied the small-tooth comb to my head, to which she paid the compliment of saying that no young Squire's could be cleaner, we went to bed together: they had no children, and I was delightfully cuddled between them.

When Ezra awoke me, my head was couched on his wife's bosom; her arms were wound about me; and she murmured, hugging me to her heart, as she spoke, "Not yet, Ezra! Truly, not yet!"

Ezra, however, was not to be coaxed; he got up, and I was arrayed in the filthy bemired costume of the scarecrow. This, as Ezra said, was necessary in order that the Squire might see the affair in its proper light; but he made no objection to my face being soaped, washed, and polished until it shone like a ripe pipin. After a hearty but hurried breakfast, I limped off by the side of Ezra towards Squire Patch's mansion.

He carried me part of the way, while he was secure from observation, but from the moment that we entered the house, Ezra seemed to have lost all regard for me: the jeers of the servants had their full influence, and I was treated by him as a little outlandish wild beast that he had caught in the woods. After having loitered for some time in the hall, we were ushered, by a spruce footman, who, with a mock heroic air, offered me snuff, into a magnificent library, where Squire Patch and his visitors were breakfasting. The peal of laughter with which I was greeted frightened me; I had never been in such polished society before: and turning to Ezra, I hid my face beneath the skirt of his shooting jacket. I was, however, speedily torn from my retreat, and fully developed for the amusement of the party. Indignant at such treatment, I had already meditated a bite at the silk breeches of a plump gentleman who sat at the lower end of the table, when, without announcement, Farmer Belroy strode into the room, and calmly took me under his protection, being, as he said, an appertenance to his property: I was his scarecrow and who the devil had dared to fire at me on *his* land.

Patch was quailed, Ezra flinched, and the guests looked grave, and Belroy, taking me by the hand, led me out—declaring, as we retired, that he would not only be answerable for my appearance, but would defend, to his last acre, any charge that might be brought against me. Without the slightest molestation I was allowed to be withdrawn; and Belroy led me off silently to the field; there he left me, saying, "Lad, bide here; do as I told thee, and fear nothing; for I'll be thy friend against keeper or squire, hog, dog, or devil, to my last tooth."

My first impulse was to go and look at the place where I had plumped into the ditch; a pheasant, most probably the one I had hit, was lying breast upwards in the black mud. I then proceeded to halloo joyfully round the field; and scarcely two hours had passed, when a basin full of beans, brocoli, and potatoes, surmounted by a huge lump of brown bread, was brought to me by little Agnes. She had already dined upon roast fowl and ham, but took a fancy to my bacon. I told her all that had occurred to me in the morning, and by the time we had emptied the basin, Agnes and I were as familiar as though we had known each other a hundred years. After a brilliant game of bo-peep in the rough uncultivated ground at the upper part of the field, I gallantly escorted her over the bridge, and she tripped off through the adjoining meadow. My tea was brought by a chubby milk maid, who gave me a clout on the jaw with her cold, soft, fat palm, and dubbed me savage fingers, for innocently asking if her name was Molly.

The next day Agnes did not come; no, nor the next after that, and I began to be weary of my confinement. The dowdy duds of Farmer Belroy's grandfather became disgusting; I loathed them, and determined to resign. Accordingly at nightfall, making another exchange with the mopstick, I went home perfectly delighted, in my own scanty, course buttonless and tattered suit. The prospect of twopence had ceased to be fascinating.

Determined to resume my former glorious, free, though by no means profitable avocations, on the following morning I reached the foot of Transom Torr, a long and steep hill about a mile off, in time for the stage coach, which I and six or eight other equally ragged urchins usually attended during its slow progress up the steep, attempting by our feats of agility to amuse the passengers, from whom we were occasionally rewarded with some small donation. I could not only turn heels over head as well as the most active of my competitors, but had a nack of trotting on my hands with my legs aloft, which neither of them possessed. On this occasion my achievements attracted the favorable notice of a middle-aged passenger, who, when he had reached the pinch of the hill, alighted and addressed me. "What's your name, my little man?" said he. I told him it was Tadpole. "What friends have you?" In reply, I enumerated my grandmother, Agnes, Belroy, and Blue Peter the poacher. "Ay! ay!" said he, "I thought you were going to the devil; here, here's a sixpence for you; come across to Caddiscombe Fair next Monday, inquire for Lavolta's troop, and I'll see if we can't save you. If you should forget the name, you will see me with a long whip in my hand: and look, I've a blue wart under my left ear. On Monday, mind, at Caddiscombe."

To be Continued.

The Ancient and Modern Greeks.—Next to the pleasure enjoyed by the traveler in contemplating the ruins of Greece, must be ranked that of comparing the singularity of the manners of the present inhabitants with those of the ancients. In many of the ordinary practices of life this resemblance is striking. The hottest hours of the day are still devoted to sleep, as they were in the times recorded by Xenophon, when Conon attempted to escape from the Lacedæmonians at Lesbos, and when Phœbidas surprised the citadel of Thebes. The Greeks still feed chiefly on vegetables, and salted or pickled provisions. The eyebrows of the Greek women are still blackened by art, and their cheeks painted occasionally with red and white, as described by Xenophon. This latter custom, in particular, is universal in Zante among the upper classes. The laver, from which water is poured from the hand previous to eating, appears by many passages in the *Odyssey* to have been a common utensil in the time of Homer; and something like the small movable table universally used in the Levant, seems to have been common amongst the ancient Greeks. According to Herodotus, in his description of the banquet given by the Theban Antigonus to Mardonius and and the chiefs of the Persian army, there were two men, a Persian and a Theban, placed at each table, which circumstances, being so particularly remarked, was probably a deviation from the custom of each person having a table to himself.—*Turners Tour in the Levant.*

Decay of Iron Railings.—Every one must have observed the destructive combination of lead and iron from railings being fixed in stone with the former metal, and the oxygen of the atmosphere keeping up the galvanic action between the two metals. This waste might be prevented by substituting zinc for lead, in which case the galvanic influence would be inverted; the whole of its action would fall on the zinc, and the iron would be preserved; and as zinc is oxydated with difficulty, it would at the same time be scarcely acted on; the one remaining uninjured, and the other nearly so. Paint formed from the oxyde of zinc, for the same reason, preserves iron exposed to the atmosphere infinitely better than the ordinary paint, which is composed of oxyde of lead.—*Timbs' Popular Errors.*

Treating Customers.—Some years ago, Ben Brown opened a store in Swaptown, and in order to hook everybody into trade, offered to treat every one that bought anything at his store. Money being scarce, there was a good deal of barter going on in those days. So one day Sam Jones called into the grocery and dry goods store of Mr. Brown and asked for a darning needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said—"Come, ain't you going to treat?" "What, on that trade?" said Brown. "Certainly, a trade's a trade, let it be big or little," responded Jones. "Well, what will you take?" "A glass of wine," said Jones. The wine was poured out, when Jones said, "Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg in the wine? I am very fond of wine and egg." Appalled by the man's meanness, the storekeeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it into his wine-glass discovered, that it contained a double yolk. "Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning needle?—This, you see, is a double yolk."

Thirst Worse than Hunger.—That disturbance of the general name of raging thirst, is far more terrible than that of starvation and for this reason: During abstinence from food the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is, perhaps, the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of ship-wreck paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst; and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta.—*Blackwood.*

As a clever writer in Blackwood intimates, man's universal preference for somebody's else legs than his own, has played the mischief with the utility of traveling. Man and boy, his propensity to ride, subjects him to a great inconvenience. Many a time have we beat up a twenty-five acre lot for a spavined, one-eyed horse his breath full of Greek aspirates, and his gait a compromise between trot and canter, and having backed a saddle two miles, have gloriously mounted the steed afterward, to ride three! Richard is by no means the only man who has rushed round distractedly, offering extravagant prices for a horse.

A Death Blow to the Free School System of Indiana.—The Superior Court of the State of Indiana has decided that the act of the Legislature authorizing incorporated cities and towns to levy a tax for the support of public schools is unconstitutional. The New Albany *Ledger* thinks that this decision will destroy the efficiency of the public schools in all the cities in Indiana.

"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the catechism to her son, "what's a slander?" "A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap an ower true tale which one good woman tells of anither."

THE FISHERMAN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
  Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
  Run up the sails again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
  the rail cars and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
  The breath of heaven shall speed!

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
  And the light house from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
  Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
  For the home we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
  Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
  Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
  Along the low, black shore!
Where, like snow, the gannet's feathers
  On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying
  Like black clouds overhead.

Where in the mist the rock is hiding,
  And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
  And the autumn tempests blow:
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
  From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing
  Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,
  With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccasina,
  And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
  O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footsep of the Mickmick
  Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
  Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
  Turns up a steel dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
  Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
  As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
  And light the heart of home;
From our fish, as in the old time
  The silver coin shall come.
As the demon fled the chamber
  Where the fish of Tobit lay,
So ours from all our dwellings
  Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
  In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
  From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
  And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
  And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
  On the water as on the land,
God's eye is looking on us,
  And beneath us is his hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
  On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
  Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west wind
  Comes freshing down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
  Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
  To the dull earth, like a weed—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
  And the breath of heaven shall speed!

DR. MACKAY'S DESCRIPTION OF PHILADELPHIA.

Dr. Mackay, the song writer, in one of his letters to the Illustrated London News gives the following description of Philadelphia:

Philadelphia, the second city of the Union, with a population of 600,000 souls, is neither attractive nor imposing. It stands upon a level with the waters of the Delaware, and does not contain within its whole boundaries an eminence one third of the height of Ludgate-hill. It contains a very large number of churches and chapels, but none of them is distinguished for architectural beauty of dome, tower or spire. The whole place is formal, mean, precise and unattractive, leaving no impression upon the mind of the traveler but that of a weary sameness and provoking rectangularity, except in Chestnut street, (the center of business) and Walnut street (the fashionable quarter,) all the streets of the city are built on the same model. The same third rate houses—of the kind which the Englishman sees in Birmingham and Manchester—seem to rise on every side, all of one color and of one shape; all with green Venetian blinds on the upper, and with white blinds on the lower stories—all equally prim, dull and respectable. The foot pavements are the same color as the houses, neither drab nor red, but a mixture of both—suggestive of the story of the English Quaker of the old school, to whom, as he sat behind his desk at his warehouse in Manchester, was delivered a packet, with a bill requesting payment.

The old Quaker opened the packet and found a coat—a hunting-coat, red as red could be. "What is this?" he said to the messenger. "There is a mistake here, friend." "No," said the messenger, "'tis a coat for Master Thomas." "Thomas" said his father to the young Quaker, who had become smitten with an unquakerly passion for hunting, "is this for thee?" "Yes, father," replied the son. "And what is it?" rejoined the sire,—"A coat", replied the son. "Yes, Thomas; but what color is it?" "Why," said Thomas, somewhat bewildered, and scratching his head to expedite the delivery of the tardy answer, "it's kind of a fiery-drab". Such is the color of Philadelphia—the Quaker city, the city of brotherly love, or according to the disparaging assertion of New Yorkers, the city of "brotherly love and riots." It is a fiery drab wherever you turn—fiery drab houses, fiery-drab pavements, fiery-drab chapels, and fiery-drab churches. One peculiarity of Philadelphia, in addition to the unvarying rectangularity of its streets, is that the carriage-ways are always dirty and the foot ways always clean. No-body purifies or cares to purify the carriage road; but every body seems to be bent upon cleaning the fiery-drab pavement. Morning, noon and night the work of ablution goes on. Negro men and women, with a fair admixture of Irish female "help", are continually squirting water over the pavements from gutta-percha tubes, and twirling the moisture from the ever busy mops over the lower garments of the wayfarers, till the streets run with water.—The passing vehicles continually churn up the mud, and the road is never allowed to dry, unless under the irresistable compulsion of the thermometer at zero.

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The first impressions of this engraving are held at $10, and it was the intention of the artist that none of the engravings should ever be offered for a less sum than $5, being richly worth that amount. Thus every three-dollar subscriber will receive the Magazine one year—cheap at $3—and this splendid engraving, richly worth $5; thus getting for $3 the value of $8.

We shall commence striking off the engravings immediately, yet it can hardly be expected that impressions of so large a plate can be taken off as fast as they will be called for by subscribers. We shall, therefore, furnish them in the order in which subscriptions are received. Those who desire to obtain their engraving early, and from the first impressions, should send in their subscriptions without delay. The engraving can be sent on rollers, by mail, or in any other manner, as subscribers shall order.

$20,000 IN WORKS OF ART.

In addition to the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," which will be presented to every three-dollar subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the distribution, on the 25th day of December, 1858, of a series of splendid works of art, consisting of one hundred rich and rare Oil Paintings, valued at from $100 to $1,000 each. Also 2,000 magnificent Steel-Plate Engravings, worth from $3 to $5 each, making in all, over THREE THOUSAND GIFTS, worth TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Inclose $3 to the publishers and you will receive the Magazine by return mail. You will also receive with the first copy a numbered subscription receipt entitling you to the Engraving of

"THE LAST SUPPER,"

and a chance to draw one of these THREE THOUSAND PRIZES".

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE

FOR 1858.

First: Because its literary contents will, during the year, embrace contributions from over one hundred different writers and thinkers, numbering among them the most distinguished of American authors.

Second: Because its editorial departments, "Our Studio," "Our Window," and "Our Olio" will each be conducted by an able editor—and it will surpass, in the variety and richness of its editorial contents, any other magazine.

Third: Because it will contain, during the year nearly six hundred original pictorial illustrations from designs by the first American artists.

Fourth: Because for the sum of $3 you will receive this splendid monthly, more richly worth that sum than any other magazine, and the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," worth $5.

Fifth: Because you will very likely draw one of the three thousand prizes to be distributed on the 25th day of December, 1858—perhaps one that is worth $1,000.

Notwithstanding that these extraordinary inducements can hardly fail to accomplish the object of the publishers without further efforts, yet they have determined to continue through the year

A GREAT LIBRARY OFFER.

To any person who will get up a club of twenty-four subscribers, either at one or more post-offices, we will present a splendid Library, consisting of Forty Large Bound Volumes, embracing the most popular works in the market. The club may be formed at the club price, $2 a year without the engraving, or at the full price, $3 with the engraving of the Last Supper to each subscriber. List and description of the Library and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of twenty-five cents. Over 30 Libraries, or 8,000 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance with this offer, and we should be glad of an opportunity to furnish a Library to every clergyman, to every school teacher, or to some one at every post office in the country.

AGENTS GETTING RICH.

The success which our agents are meeting with is almost astonishing. Among the many evidences of this fact, we are permitted to publish the following:

Gentlemen: The following facts in relation to what your Agents are doing in *this section*, may be of use to some enterprising young man in want of employment. The Rev. John E. Jordon, of this place has made, since last Christmas, over $1,000 in his agency. Mr. David M. Heath, of Ridgly, Mo., your General Agent for Platt County, is making $8 per day for each Sub Agent employed by him; and Messrs Weimer & Evans, of Oregon Mo., your Agents for Holt County, are making from $8 to $25 per day, and your humble servant has made, since the seventh day of last January, over $1,700, besides paying for 300 acres of land out of the business worth over $1,000. You are at liberty to publish this statement, if you like and to refer to any of the parties named.

Daniel Gerou, Carrollton, Mo.

With such inducements as we offer, anybody can obtain subscribers. We invite every gentleman out of employment, and every lady who desires a pleasant MONEY making occupation to apply at once for an agency. Applications should inclose 25 cents for a specimen copy of the Magazine, which will always be forwarded with answer to application by return mail.

Specimen Engraving.

As we desire to place in the hands of every person who proposes to get up a club, and also of every agent, a copy of the engraving of "THE LAST SUPPER," as a specimen, each applicant inclosing us $3 will receive the engraving, postpaid by return mail, also specimens of our publications and one of the numbered subscription receipts entitling the holder to the Magazine one year and to a chance in the distribution. This offer is made only to those who desire to act as agents or to form clubs. Address

OAKSMITH & CO.,
No. 371 Broadway, New York.

REMEMBER THAT A. BRADFIELD.

Has removed his HAT and CAP STORE to the building one door west of James Boyd's Grocery Store and immediately opposite the Butter Store; and would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to his New and Superb stock of *HATS and CAPS*, as he is now constantly receiving the Latest Improved Fall Styles. They will find it to their advantage to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as they have been selected with the greatest care. His Stock is the largest and most complete ever brought to the market; embracing every description of Plain and Fashionable Silk, Soft Fur Hungarian, Low and High Crown French Felt and Ladies' Riding Hats, Friends' Otter, Muskrat, and Russia Brush, Children's, Fancy Plush, Fur and Wool and all Kinds, Colors, and Shapes of Men's and Boys' Wool Hats.

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☞ Any person wishing any article in his line cannot fail to be accomodated either in article or price.

☞ *REMEMBER THE PLACE, IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE BUTTER STORE, SOUTH SIDE MAIN ST., SALEM, OHIO.* ☜

A. BRADFIELD.

Salem, September, 1857.

J. C. Whinery, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office to the corner of

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He proposes to spare neither pains nor expense in keeping pace with the onward march of his Profession. His stock of DENTAL MATERIALS is selected by himself at the head of the market, and his past success, he trusts, has been such as to give assurance that full satisfaction will be given to those who may require his services.

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